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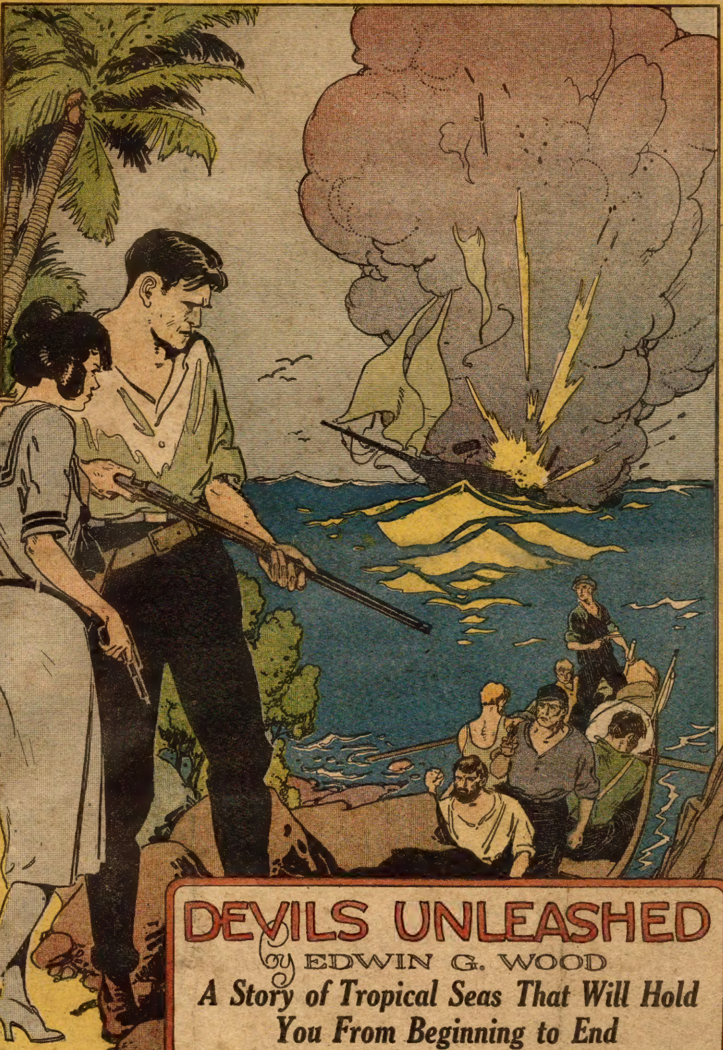

## DEVILS UNLEASHED

by EDWIN G. WOOD

A Story of Tropical Seas That Will Hold You From Beginning to End

CHICAGO LEDGER

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# That Skinner Boy

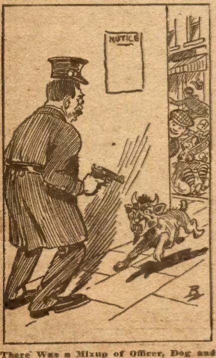
## He and His Dog Have Lots of Fun.

IT WAS not Halloween; it was not Christmas eve; it was not the Fourth of July, but it was almost any kind of eve.

That Skinner boy had come into the possession of a mask. He had paid two cents of his hard-earned money and it was worth the price. It represented the face of Satan, and you know that Satan is not a good-looking chap. There were about thirty scowls on the face and the front teeth stuck out a foot long. That face would have made a grafter shiver all over. That Skinner boy also came into possession of a dog. He was a bob-tailed dog and his color was yellow. He also had long teeth and was ready for fun.

Just at dusk on this evening that Skinner boy got a bright idea. So did the dog. Nobody ever saw a mask on a dog, but that was where that mask belonged. It was put on the dog and tied there and he was a curious-looking object. He looked like a tiger, or a lion, and like most anything but a dog. Some dogs would have pawed that mask off in a minute, but this dog didn't do so. He was quite satisfied to let it stay on.

At about 7:30 the gate was opened to him, and that Skinner boy told him to go out and have some fun. A kick or two and a loving word helped him on his way. There were four young boys up the street playing baseball, and the dog went for them, and they went to their homes, screaming in terror. That was a good beginning, but only a beginning. The dog went for an iceman who was making a late delivery, and who was bringing in twenty pounds of ice for twenty-five. There was a wild yell which rang for half a mile around, and the iceman jumped into his wagon and whipped his horses into a run. He got away, but the scare will last him all the rest of his life.



There Was a Mixup of Officer, Dog and Boy.

There was a woman coming along the street with a basket on her arm. She was going to the butcher's for meat, but she did not know whether she was going to get bacon or mutton or hamburg steak. She was just thinking about it and trying to decide, when she saw old Satan making for her. She dropped her basket and her thoughts and sat down on the sidewalk and began to scream. All her evil days came floating up to her brain and her terror reigned supreme. The dog did not bite her. When he saw her rolling and rolling on the ground he passed on to the next.

THE next was a tow-headed girl, just old enough to think of her best beau. She was thinking of falling in love, and getting married and living in a castle, when Satan appeared. It took that girl ten seconds to climb to the top of a tree and she did as well as any boy in the town. Satan wanted to climb after her, but he had no claws, and therefore he left her screaming and yelling to find other game.

The next was a carpenter who was wending his way home from a job. He had been working his nine hours a day and his conscience was clear. He heard people yelling and he stopped to see what was coming. He will never know what was coming unless he reads this article. He had traveled around the world, but he did not know all things. His union had struck nine times in one year, but that had nothing to do with Satan. He saw the Old Boy after him, and he threw away his plane, his saw and his screwdriver, and, with that wild yell which always comes from a lost soul he made his way into the darkness, and he may be running yet.

And then it was the turn of the police. One had just taken a fixed post. It was fixed right there. Buzzsaws might escape from a saw mill or an earthquake from a mountain, but that officer could not escape; he was fixed. His sergeant had spiked him right to the sidewalk, and wild horses could not drive him away. He saw Satan coming, and he heard the people's screams. He waved his club and drew his revolver. A metropolitan policeman can hit a barn door about ten feet away and that officer prepared to hit. He also drew a pair of handcuffs. If he only could put a pair of handcuffs on Satan and then he could turn the Old Boy over to a minister for punishment. The dog found a hero who was determined to sell his life dearly. When Satan found his way blocked he ran full against the officer, and officer and dog went down in a wild scramble. When the officer had fainted away the dog realized he had committed a grievous assault, and he turned and ran back. He found a mob of people ready for him. They threw stones and clubs and earth at him, and called him bad names. Some struck him and some struck at him. Notwithstanding the city law, about fifty pistols came out of fifty pockets and were fired at the dog. Not a bullet reached him until almost in front of the Skinner house, and when he thought he was safe he met another policeman. This officer was not on fixed post. He was patiently waiting the time when he should be wide awake.

"What in blazes is it?" said the officer as he caught sight of the dog.

"You have got it right," yelled the Skinner boy over the gate.

"And I have got you, too," said the officer as he grabbed for the boy.

THEN there was a mixup of the officer, the dog, and the boy, and a few hundred people who rushed to the scene. The policeman hit everybody he could and the dog bit everybody he could. The crowd broke down rosebushes and burdocks. They fought from the house to the gate, and from the gate to the house, and nobody knew exactly what they were fighting about.

The officer got a jolt on the jaw.

Mr. Skinner got a jolt on the nose.

Mrs. Skinner had on a dress which cost twenty-five cents a yard and it was torn into shreds.

Hats, caps and shawls lay around like snowflakes.

Thus they fought for fifteen minutes and then the dog and the officer ran away. The reason why nobody else ran away was because they could not run. They were too mussed up to run, and so they stayed and called each other bad names.

Somewhere is a policeman breathing hard and holding his hand to his jaw.

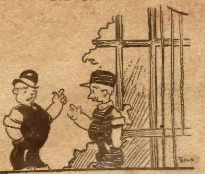
Somewhere is a yellow bobtailed dog and he is smiling and grinning over the

And what of that Skinner boy? Oh, he's all right. He got badly mussed up with the rest of them, and got a licking from his father, but his dear mamma will mend his clothes and he will go right on finding amusements.

The full moon rose up grandly and she looked down upon the scene of peace. There was some shoes lying about on the grass, but the owners had limped away, and all dangers had past. That Skinner boy slept the sleep of the just that night. His back ached, but he did not mind that. He had fun, and that is what every boy wants. No boy ever makes a good man unless he has fun in the springtime of life.

# Hot Off the Jokesmith's Anvil

### No Climber.



Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain.

Stage Hand—Say, what do you think I am a squirrel?

*

**Two Tunes.**

Ambrose, the piano tuner, had tuned the piano, and found it in good condition.

A few days later he received a letter from the owner of the piano, stating it had not been properly tuned.

The tuner made another trip, and tested every note, only to find no fault with the instrument.

He told the lady so.

"Well, she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it; but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune!"

*

**Love's Sacrifice.**

He—I want you to give me a proof of your love, dearest.

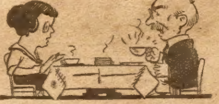
She—Oh, Ernest! Am I not dancing with you?

He—That's nothing.

She—You wouldn't say that, dear, if you knew how badly you dance.

*

### Might Help Some.



He—The new cook makes rotten coffee.

She—Yes, but she has a charming personality.

He—Then you'd better have her come in and sit with us while we drink this.

*

**Surrender? Never!**

"Why don't you get rid of that horse if he's so vicious?" asked one farmer of another.

"Well, you see, Jim," replied the other, "I hates to give in. If I was to sell that horse, he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' for the last six years to get rid of me."

*

**Great Developer.**

"Have you had much experience in a jazz orchestra?"

"Five years ago I was a physical weakling."

"Well?"

"Feel my muscles now."

*

**He's a Politician.**

"Before you kiss me, Horace, let me tell you that Fred has given Kitty a diamond ring. You have never given me one."

"Dearest, it is only girls who are not precious in themselves who require the aid of precious stones."

"Oh, you may kiss me twice, Horace."

*

**Accuracy.**

Editor—Are you the chump who wrote about the dance Friday?

Reporter—Yes.

Editor—Well, look at this, "Among the prettiest girls in the room was Frank Newman." Nice rubbish, that is. Don't you know that Frank is a boy?

Reporter—Sure, but that's where he was.

*

**Then the Fun Began.**

Voice (at the other end)—Is that you, darling?

Gouty Father—Er—yes.

Voice—Oh, good! How's the old boy's gout, my pet? I mean to say, if he still has it I'll come round tonight, but if he hasn't we'll go out to some show.

*

**Badly Shaken.**

Hubby (reading paper)—Just think, an earthquake has destroyed the entire town of Piszikszykisky in Poland.

Wife—Was it spelled the same way before the earthquake?

*

**Presence of Mind.**

New Maid (in a frightened whisper)—I've spilled the vegetables.

Hostess (imperturbed)—That's all right, Mary; please bring in the succotash.

*

**A Big Job.**

Fond Parent—What is worrying you, my son?

Willie—I was just wondering how many legs you gotta pull off a centipede to make him limp.

*

**Dad Was Listening.**

Father—I thought I heard that fellow kissing you last night. I hope you didn't encourage him.

She—No, father, I didn't need to.

*

**QUITE OTHERWISE.**

He thought he'd surely made a hit
When for his photograph she prayed—
"Out when this calls," she wrote on it
And gave it to the maid.

*

### Brain Teasers.

**Drop Letter Proverbs.**

197—Each dash must be placed by a letter; the words are separated by commas.

(1)—a—e,—a—t—,s—o—l—;
(2) B—t—e—,l—t—,t—a—,—e—e—;
(3) L—o—,b—f—r—,y—u,—e—p;
(4)—r—v—n—i—n,—s,—e—t—r,—h—n.—u—e;
(5)—,s—l—c—,i—,t—m—,s—v—s,— i —e;
(6)—t—l—,w—t—r—,r—n,—e—p.

**Diagonal.**

198—My diagonals form something which marked the feature of the old-time Christmas.

* . . . . My first is a cycle of days.
. * . . My second is a guide.
. . * . My third is an offering for purchase.
. . . * My fourth is to venture.
. . * . My fifth is to drop.
. * . . My sixth is an outer wrap.
* . . . My seventh is feminine.

**Anagram.**

199—My first is in sour but not in sweet.
My second is in careless but not in neat.
My third is in leaf but not in flower.
My fourth is in love but not in power.
My whole is a range of mountains.

**Four-word Square.**

200—1. Not in front.
2. A steady pain.
3. To strike with a sharp tool.
4. Held in possession.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**193.—Double Acrostic.**

Glove, Boots.
1. GRAB.
2. LOCO.
3. OHIO.
4. VAST.
5. EARS.

**194—I Go a Nutting.**

1. Acorn.
2. Walnut.
3. Brazil nut.
4. Pea nut.
5. Filbert.
6. Beech nut.
7. Butter nut.

**195—Floral Square.**

P A N S Y
A B A T E
N A T A L
S T A L L
Y E L L S

**196—Metagram.**

Tame, lame, same, game.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

# DEVILS·UNLEASHED

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THE schooner Bald Eagle rolled lazily in the long swell, as she moved slowly ahead under her auxiliary power, toward a blue-looking, cloudlike object on the horizon, bearing on her starboard bow. She was running at low speed, cautiously, as tho uncertain and feeling her way.

The eyes of the man at the wheel were bloodshot and heavy and he seemed to be a little unsteady, altho he had small difficulty in holding the vessel to her course. An alcholic aura surrounded him, the vile, stale smell of heavy drinking, an odor that oozed thru the pores of his skin as well as breathed from his lungs, polluting the air about him.

In the waist stood a group of men, their voices rising now and then in angry dispute, and the atmosphere surrounding them was also heavy with the odor of rum. They had the appearance of being well-soaked; just enough to make them reckless devils, while still retaining control to a certain extent over minds and bodies. All but one, that is, a man about 6 feet tall, heavy in proportion, with long arms and huge, red fists, and coarse, determined features; this man showed less evidence of drink than the others.

Just aft the cabin two figure were leaning against the starboard rail, apparently intent on watching the cloudlike object on the horizon; a man of about 30 and a girl of probably 23 or 24. The man's face was pale and a look of intense worry and anxiety hung about his eyes. The girl was pale and careworn, too, and kept as near to the man as she could, without in reality clinging to him. During the days these two had been fellow passengers they had exchanged scarcely a dozen words up to the present. Now they conversed in guarded tones, to avoid being overheard by the man at the wheel, who leered at them now and again in a suspicious manner, with the light of the beast in his eyes when they rested on the girl.

"Can you hear anything they are saying, Miss Jameson?" the man asked, his voice lowered almost to a whisper.

"No. Now and then an oath and a few disconnected words when they get excited; that's all. I can't get the meaning of what I do hear."

The two remained silent for a space, straining their ears to catch the drift of anything they might hear, but getting little satisfaction.

The girl spoke. "Mr. Hunter, do you suppose that blue-looking thing over there is an island?"

"Most likely; and uninhabited, by civilized beings, at least, or they wouldn't be putting in toward it."

"How far do you suppose it is?"

"Heaven knows. I'm no judge of distances on the water. Not many miles, tho, I guess."

The man at the wheel was scowling at the two, his ugly face screwed up with anger in his disappointment at being unable to hear what was being said. "Avast there, you two by the rail, an' stow that gab!" he finally snarled, ending with an oath.

Hunter looked down at the girl as she cringed closer to him. "Pay no attention to the beast," he muttered; "he'll not leave the wheel. If he starts anything——"

Hunter paused significantly, while his hand closed over an automatic in his coat pocket.

The girl shuddered, then looked up. "Did they leave you armed?"

"Yes," he answered disgustedly. "They were so drunk and so crazy to do away with the captain and first mate that they didn't make a clean job of anything except the murder of the two officers. And the second mate, Jansen, for some reason insisted that neither of us should be harmed—at first. So there you are. Can you shoot?"

"Yes."

"Move a little closer to the rail—nearer to me, so as to hide our hands from that beast at the wheel. Now. Hide that. And kill—you hear?—kill, if you are attacked, but never give up that gun, even if you have——"

"I understand," she answered quietly, but with an inward shudder. "But you? You will need this."

"I have another. One was in my trunk. Got it out while they were squabbling. There's a rifle there, too. I was equipped for hunting—after my intended visit to Australia. But what brought you here?"

"I am—or was—going to Australia to my brother. Captain White was a friend. I chose this way to avoid people on passenger steamers. I like quiet, sometimes. You see, I've just lost my father—all I had but my brother."

"I see. I was running away from people, too. But no matter. Listen!"

The knot of men in the waist had fallen into a louder, angrier dispute. The big, bullying mate, Jansen was having trouble to keep the others in hand, was facing them now, threateningly, with a revolver in his hand. Some of the men were armed with iron belaying-pins, deadly weapons at close quarters; some had knives. Nothing but Jansen's bullying front kept them back, for all respect for authority was dead in them, and they were insane in their determination to gain their ends. Jansen's brain was clearer than theirs, he having drunk less, and he was looking further ahead.

"Back, I tell ye," he stormed, waving the revolver. "Do ye want to ruin everything? I tell ye we don't want no petticoat——"

Hunter suddenly glanced in the direction of the wheel. The man there was in the act of leaving his post, to spring forward with a knife in his hand. Hunter turned swiftly and fired. The man pitched to the deck, sending the knife clattering against the cabin.

"Come," Hunter cried, seizing the girl's hand; "into the cabin, quick!"

The disputing, snarling seamen stopped their wrangling in amazement at the sound of the shot, and stood staring, with open mouths for a moment, then regaining themselves, charged aft with a roar.

As Hunter and the girl reached the companionway, he fired again, and a sailor in the lead threw up his hands and slumped to the deck, those behind stumbling over the body. This short delay gave Hunter and the girl time to dart into the cabin, close the two small doors that swung together, slide the hatch, and fasten both doors and hatch. Hunter drew the girl into his own stateroom, closed and bolted this door also.

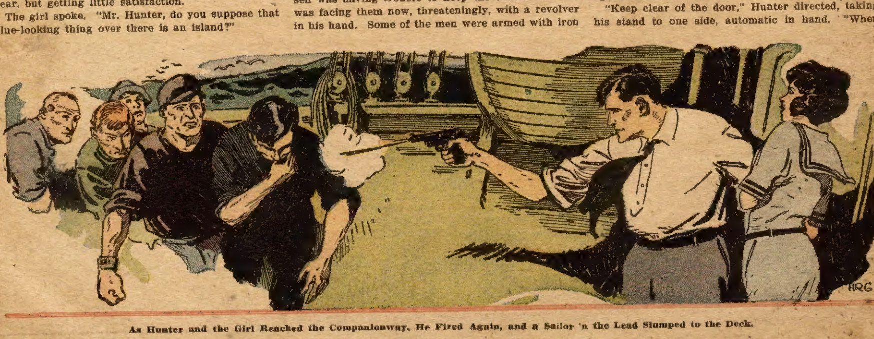
"They can't be kept out very long," he said, turning to the girl and smiling. "They'll soon batter in, but when they tackle this door we'll account for a few of them before they get us. I've put two of 'em to sleep already, I think. That leaves eight or ten more of 'em, not counting Jansen. Just how he'll stand toward us after this, I don't know."

The girl turned to him with a brave look, but she was colorless. "Did you hear what Jansen said—about me?"

"Yes—but don't worry. We'll squirm out of it some way."

They could hear the angry voices on deck at the companion hatch, Jansen's raised above the others, threatening and trying to reason alternately. Blows began to fall on the hatch, and the girl shrank against the wall.

"Keep clear of the door," Hunter directed, taking his stand to one side, automatic in hand. "When



As Hunter and the Girl Reached the Companionway, He Fired Again, and a Sailor in the Lead Slumped to the Deck.

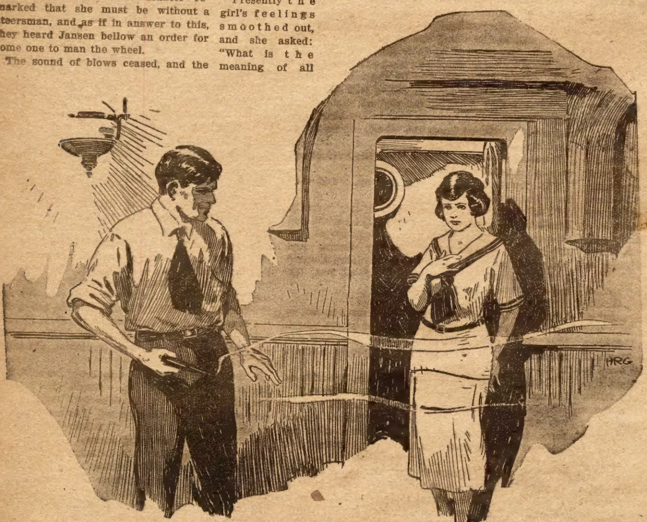
they break in, they may shoot thru the door. Be ready to kill when they get in."

"What about the port over the berth—can't they get in thru that?"

"Too small. We'll keep an eye on it, tho. They might try to pot us that way."

The Bald Eagle was built on peculiar lines. There was but one entrance to the cabin, that of the companionway. The cabin was used as a dining-room also, the galley being at the forward end. The food was handed thru an opening, or port, cut into the wall separating cabin and galley, by the cook to the cabin boy. This opening was also too narrow to admit the passage of a human body. In the cabin were four staterooms. Two of them had been occupied by the captain and first mate; Hunter and the girl occupying the other two. The second mate, Jansen, had given up his room to Hunter.

The schooner was now rolling heavily, evidently having gotten into the trough of the sea. Hunter remarked that she must be without a steersman, and as if in answer to this, they heard Jansen bellow an order for some one to man the wheel.



"One of Our Friends Trying to Pay Us a Visit," He Grinned. "I Think I Pinked Him—Hope I Did!"

The sound of blows ceased, and the two men in the cabin heard footsteps drawing away and the muttering of voices.

"Holding a conference," Hunter smiled at the girl.

They seated themselves on the side of the berth, weapons ready. Hunter cast side-long, uneasy glances at the girl near him. She was pale, but steady. He admired her courage, but she was so frail, so delicately built, not much more than a little girl, that she filled him with apprehension, dread of what might be in store, and fear that she might not be able to hold up under the stress.

Surrounded by human devils, penned in this little room with every element of hazard against them—Well, he could do but one thing, fight till he was down, and the rest would have to come as it would. The girl was armed, said she could shoot, but——

He looked at her again, as she sat holding the black automatic in her small, white hand. He scarcely knew this girl, for he had studiously avoided her. He was morose, running from an ugly disappointment, and had kept to himself. She, seeing his desire to be let alone, of course had not intruded. When mutiny broke out that morning, the captain and first mate being killed and thrown over the side, the girl and the man naturally drew together; he to protect her, and she seeking his protection and companionship.

She caught his eyes resting intently upon her. "What is it? Why do you look at me that way?"

He laughed nervously. "Nothing."

"I know better," she retorted sharply. "I can almost read your thoughts. You're thinking I am so utterly helpless—a handicap, maybe——"

"Not by a d—n sight!" he snapped, "Oh, I——"

"Never mind—I've heard that sort of thing before. What is it, then? If you are unduly worrying about me, stop it. I'm sorry to be a burden, but I promise to do my part when the time comes."

The pow-wow on deck was still proceeding, but they could hear nothing of what was being said.

Presently the girl's feelings smoothed out, and she asked: "What is the meaning of all this, anyway: Everything seemed to be peaceful and orderly until this morning—— What was the cause of it?"

"Loot," was the terse answer. "You see, Captain White had considerable money in gold aboard, and in some way it leaked out, and—well, there you are. Motive enough for such as we are dealing with. That's the whole simple solution."

"And Jansen, what part does he take in it?"

"I think he's at the bottom of the whole thing. He's a filthy, brutal scamp——"

"But why is it that he seems so anxious to protect us?"

He hesitated before answering. "Well, you see, yesterday morning I was with the captain talking privately. I noticed that Jansen eyed us suspiciously, whenever he got the chance. And then I went down into the captain's room with him. Jansen has been keeping his eye on me ever since. He thinks the captain told me where the gold is hidden."

"They didn't get it, then?"

"They did not; I feel sure of that."

"Did the captain tell you?" she asked anxiously.

"He did. He seemed to get an inkling of what was coming, and so took me into his confidence. So Jansen's hope is in making me tell where the stuff is—I couldn't do that very well dead."

"And you won't do it alive," she suggested.

He thanked her with his eyes, relieved by the spirit shown in her words. "Not much," he confirmed, and then added dryly: "It wouldn't make much difference anyway, for after they got what they want, we'd be in the same pickle."

"What is their intention toward me?" hesitatingly.

He looked at her, and she saw the pain and reluctance to speak in his dark eyes.

"Tell me," she urged. "Keep nothing back. I think frankness is best. It can do no good to keep me in ignorance of anything."

"Very well. From what I could gather, Jansen wanted to set us both ashore on that island we are heading for, and leave us there. He figured they could make their getaway before we were picked up, I suppose. The men objected——"

He paused and she took it up. "I see. They were willing to let you go, but not me. You needn't finish. But why is it that Jansen wishes to let me go?"

"I suppose he thinks you would hamper their chances of getting away, and —there would be quarreling and dissention——"

A noise near the porthole above them attracted their attention, and the gruff voice of Jansen broke in on their conversation.

---

## CHAPTER II.

"BELOW there—Mr. Hunter!" Jansen hailed.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want to talk t' ye."

"Talk away then. I can hear."

Jansen paused as tho trying to frame his message. "We can't talk thisaway. I want t' talk to ye private like. "Open an' let me below so's we can talk sociable."

"Nothing doing, Jansen. Talk where you are, or let it alone—I'm satisfied either way."

Jansen paused again, then whined: "Now, looky here, Mr. Hunter, you knows I been your friend? Is this any way to treat a friend? I asks ye polite, now, is it?"

"I appreciate your friendship, Jansen," Hunter returned quietly, "but just the same, you'll have to talk where you are or not at all."

Jansen muttered something they did not hear, and then snarled: "We can break in easy, if you don't open up."

"No doubt. Why didn't you do it at first?"

"Well, I kinda hate to tear up the old hooker any more'n can be helped——"

"Very considerate of you. Now, can that stuff and say what you have to say, or get away from there."

Jansen took up his singsong whine again: "Now looky here, Mr. Hunter, these here men is desp'rit like, an' I don't want 'em to do you no harm. That's the reason I didn't let 'em bust in at first."

"Oh! I thought you didn't want to tear up the schooner? Say your say, Jansen, and get away from there—quick."

Jansen came to another pause, rummaging, no doubt, his slow wits for some wily persuasion to be used in inducing Hunter to admit him into the cabin.

During this time, the girl sat with white face, holding the automatic in her hand, her eyes fixed on Hunter, who stood a little to one side of the porthole just above his head. Quiet apparently reigned on deck, as the two in the stateroom could hear nothing of the seamen.

"Well," said Jansen at last, "I'll tell ye wot I'll do. You tell me wot the old man did with the gold, an' I'll see that you gits ashore all shipshape an' proper. There ain't nothin' could be fairer an' above board than that, is there?"

"Maybe not—but how do I know you'll keep your promise?"

"I give you my word as a honest sailorman, Mr. Hunter—as one honest gent to another, like."

Hunter laughed jeeringly: "Your word of honor? Do you suppose I'd take the word of a thieving, murderous pirate?"

Jansen ripped out all the oaths in a seaman's vocabulary, which is quite extensive, and then coined a few of his own. "All right, my hearty, we'll git ye, an' mebbe arter ye tastes the rope's end an' a few other things I knows on, ye'll be all willin' to talk proper and respectable——"

"See here, Jansen," Hunter interrupted sternly, "don't be a fool. You saw me shoot down two of your cutthroats, didn't you? Now just take this for a fact: I never miss, we're well armed, and as sure as you try any of your dirty tricks on me or this young lady, I'll live long enough to kill you before you get me—you'll be the first I'll plug. Chase yourself now, and be quick about it!"

They heard him scurry forward in an atmosphere of his own sulphurous mouthings, and soon the rumble of the men's voices floated aft.

"What will they try to do next?" asked the girl.

"I don't know. Probably try the companionway, but if they do—It's narrow, and one man could stand in this stateroom door and shoot down half of them before they could get at him. I think, tho, after that little talk Jansen will very likely keep them off till dark, anyway. I believe I've put the fear of

(Continued on Page 20.)

# Confession

## By Roy W. Hinds

THE police precinct station-house over whose night desk Sergt. Michael Dickey presided was a clearing-house for common drunks, frowzy vagrants, and skulking thieves, whose most sensational crimes were larcenies so petty as to be unworthy the name. Constant contact with this riffraff of the underworld had embittered the soul of Sergeant Dickey, and, being a police officer of ambition, he yearned to get his hamlike hand into some case big enough for the newspapers.

Murders were committed in the precinct of Sergeant Dickey; big robberies were pulled off there, too, but the perpetrators unfeelingly betook themselves into other precincts to be arrested. Therefore, the line, "The prisoner was booked by Police Sergeant Dickey," had never yet seen the blackness of printer's ink.

Sergeant Dickey yearned to read that line in the morning papers. Prisoners that he had booked were too contemptible to get into print, or, if their stories did get a jot or two, they were too trivial to be worth the chronicle of by whom they were booked. He is not to be blamed—he by no means is the first man to have a craving for his name to trickle thru that mechanical agent of publicity—the linotype.

He took it as a personal offense that the prisoners brought before him had not committed crimes that would put them away for ten or fifteen years. He questioned them savagely and often upbraided them for a stinking, cheap gang of penny-snatchers. That was his mood when Alvin Donnal stood in front of his desk at midnight.

Alvin Donnal was not a prisoner. He had come into the station-house alone—a slender, middle-aged man with a haunted look in his pale eyes. He had the inoffensive air of frightened misfortune—hungry, but still afraid to wrest food from the world by force. He was shabbily dressed and his beard was scraggy and his hair unbarbered and matted—that close-pressed mass peculiar to men who wear their hats almost constantly.

He was a prime specimen of the down-and-outer, and Police Sergeant Dickey, gazing, first, at Alvin Donnal and then at the heavy snow swirling outdoors, speedily deduced that the man had come for shelter.

"Well, what d'you want?" the sergeant demanded, glaring furiously upon the agitated Donnal.

"I want—are you the officer in charge here?" The man's voice was husky and trembled nervously.

"I'm behind the desk, ain't I?" Dickey exploded. "Who d'you think's in charge here—maybe you think it's you, eh?" he finished in threatening facetiousness.

"No, sir—no, sir; I don't think I'm in charge—but—but I've got something very important to say, and I want to be sure and tell it to the right man." Donnal glanced furtively about at the few patrolmen lounging in the station-house. "I want to make a confession," he whispered, bending close over the desk so that his words were heard only by Police Sergeant Dickey.

A tremor ran along the spine of the officer—a tingling, wriggly sensation of expectation—and he searchingly scrutinized the pallid features of the visitor. Then he beckoned him behind the desk and led him into the captain's office, which was occupied by that official only in the daytime.

"Sit down," Dickey commanded, pushing the door shut. He felt somehow that he was on the brink of important events. "What d'you want to confess to?" He hovered over the man like one ready to embrace him if the confession was important or to kick him if it were not.

Donnal had seated himself and he quietly waited for the sergeant to sit down in a chair across the desk. When Dickey had done this, Donnal looked rather shiftily into his eyes a moment and then announced, quite calmly:

"My name is Alvin Donnal—and I'm the man who killed that girl, Bessie Seaver."

Sergeant Dickey sprang from his chair. "Bessie Seaver—you killed Bessie Seaver?" he demanded.

His soul was filled with a swelling flood of exultation. The biggest murder case of a decade—a mystery that had baffled the police of the city for a month—was rushing to a sensational climax at his very feet! Printers would be setting the name of Michael Dickey in big type before many hours!

"Yes," repeated Donnal quietly, "I killed Bessie Seaver."

SERGEANT DICKEY gazed intently at the man and then reached for the telephone. In a minute he was in communication with Captain Nugent, head of the precinct.

"I've got the man who killed Bessie Seaver!" he told the captain. His voice trembled with delighted emotion. "Yes, yes—he confesses—he's right here in front of me now. You'll be right down, you say? All right, captain, you bet I'll hold him!"

Sergeant Dickey hung up the receiver and then gazed searchingly at Donnal.

"Are you armed?" he asked.

"I guess I'm not dangerous," Donnal commented, his nervousness now somewhat subsided. "I guess I don't aim to harm any one—a man who gives himself up on a charge of murder is pretty safe."

"I'll have to search you, anyway."

"Go ahead."

The search revealed nothing but a few pennies—not a scrap of writing or a weapon; not even a jackknife.

"All right," said the sergeant, "sit down over there."

He waved Donnal into a chair on the other side of the room and then discreetly sat down between the prisoner and the door, after shouting instructions to one of the patrolmen in the outer room to "mind the desk." He watched the prisoner narrowly—the prisoner, now quite calm, steadily returned his gaze. Sergeant Dickey gloated inwardly upon the great good fortune that had come to him. Over and over again he pictured the first pages of the newspapers.

Captain Nugent was not long in getting to the station-house. He, too, was mindful of the vast importance of capturing the slayer of Bessie Seaver. The captain entered his office and in a few minutes a formal inquiry was under way. Alvin Donnal, flanked by a guard of patrolmen, was seated before Captain Nugent.

"You say you killed Bessie Seaver?" the captain asked.

"I did," said Donnal.

"How did you kill her?"

"I hit her over the head with a club."

"Why did you kill her?"

"I was robbing her house—and she hollered."

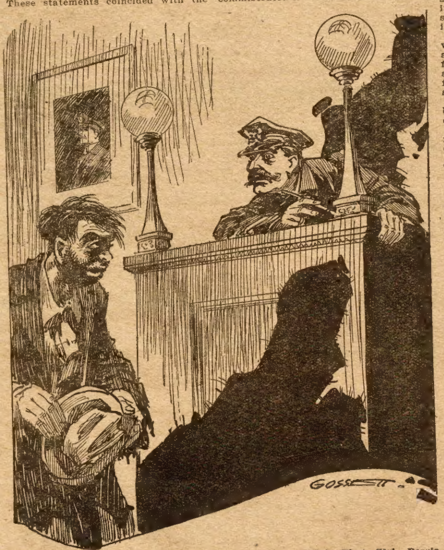
"Where did you kill her?"

"In the hall in her house."

"You went there for burglary—is that it?"

"Yes."

These statements coincided with the police version of the case. The body had been found in the girl's home, and she had been struck on the head. The police believed robbery had been the motive—tho nothing was missing from the house. They conjectured the slayer had been frightened away before he could steal anything.



My Name Is Alvin Donnal—and I'm the Man Who Killed That Girl, Bessie Seaver."

"Are you willing to sign a confession?" Captain Nugent asked.

"Yes."

Before morning a typewritten confession was in the hands of Captain Nugent. The case developed too late for the morning papers, but announcement was made for early editions of the evening sheets—and the story was the biggest of the day. Police Sergeant Michael Dickey had the pleasure of seeing his name in every paper in the city. Alvin Donnal, confessed slayer of Bessie Seaver, occupied a cell in jail. After his confession he had grown very reticent.

Everything bade fair to run smoothly to the conviction and resultant execution of Alvin Donnal—but a hitch occurred in the chain of evidence.

It developed that Avin Donnal had been discharged from Sing Sing prison two weeks previous to his confession!

Bessie Seaver had been slain a month before the confession—two weeks before the release of Alvin Donnal from a sentence of fifteen years. He could not possibly have committed the murder. The warden of the prison identified Alvin Donnal—and the case against him collapsed.

A commission was appointed to inquire into the sanity of Donnal. The commission pronounced him sane, tho suffering from under-nourishment and hardship. The belief became general that he had taken this means of obtaining food and shelter during a severe part of the winter. The police were too indignant to send him to the Island for vagrancy—they were convinced that that was what he wanted. They took revenge upon him by turning him loose. They thrust him again into the world.

"The dirty bum!" raved Sergeant Michael Dickey. It was a dangerous thing to mention this case to him.

THE usually unemotional face of District Attorney Kling wore a puckered frown, but it was not a whit more distraught than that of Police Inspector Callup, across the flattop desk in the office of the district attorney. A copy of each morning newspaper lay upon the desk, and apparently both men had been reading, and, reading, had been thrown into futile indignation.

"They're all on our necks, confound 'em!" exclaimed the inspector, glancing malevolently at an eight-column headline in one of the papers—"Slayer of Banker Rumbold Still at Large." In smaller type beneath, the heading continued: "Police Department and District Attorney Impotent in Case—Citizen Murdered in His Home in Heart of City and Slayer Casually Walks Away."

"I don't know what we're going to do," commiserated the district attorney. "It's the first big case this administration has had—and so far we've fallen down on it. It looks bad."

"Well," said Inspector Callup, "I've turned the whole force into the field—that's all I can do. I don't see where the administration is so much to blame—we're using the old bunch of detectives, and they can find nothing. It just happens that Rumbold was a millionaire—and the papers pay more attention to the case for that reason."

"There were absolutely no clews," the district attorney rejoined, repeating the words he had so often spoken during the week in which he and his office had been grappling, futilely, with the mysterious murder.

"Not a clew," bemoaned the inspector. 'Not a fingerprint, and not even——"

A gentle tapping on the door of the private office caused the district attorney to shout: "Some in!" The door opened and the men saw the district attorney's private secretary.

"There's a man loitering in the outer office," said the secretary in a purring voice. "He came in about a half-hour ago and said he wanted to see you personally—and refused to state his business. I left him sitting there, more for observation than anything else, and just now"—his voice took on a trace of excitement—"just now he confided to me that his business has to do with the Rumbold case!"

Both District Attorney Kling and Inspector Callup got to their feet and gazed steadily into each other's eyes.

"What sort of a looking man is he?" asked Kling.

"Well," said the secretary, "he's—he's a very unprepossessing individual—that's why I hesitated to admit him until he had stated his business. He hasn't been drinking, so far as I can see, but he's ragged and dirty."

"Is he a crank?"

"He doesn't talk like one, sir; he displays no agitation or nervousness. He talks quietly and with a certain assurance."

"Bring him in," commanded the district attorney. "I'd suggest, inspector, that you step into that little room there and leave the door partly open."

The visitor was, indeed, unprepossessing. His eyes were pale and shifty, and he had a cringing air of frightened misfortune as he stood fumbling his tattered hat before the desk of the district attorney.

"Sit down," invited Kling, and the man obeyed.

"What can I do for you?" the district attorney continued.

"My name is Jim Walker," said the visitor in a husky voice, "and I want to make a confession."

District Attorney Kling trembled slightly in spite of himself, and Inspector Callup, with an eager ear bent to the crack in the doorway, restrained himself from bursting into the room.

"What do you wish to confess to, my friend?" Kling asked softly, as tho afraid harsh words would turn the visitor from his intention. His voice was soothing, seductive, like a parent drawing a confession from a hesitant child.

"I'm tired of hiding," the man said wearily. "I'm getting so I can't sleep and I'm always seeing him—seeing his face—in dark places. I can't stand it any longer—that face; it looks at me from alleys and in the back rooms of saloons."

"Whose face?" coddled Kling, now breathlessly hanging upon every word of the ragged caller.

"Old man Rumbold's face—I'm the man that killed him," said Jim Walker calmly.

A tense silence followed the words. The district attorney gazed intently into the eyes of Walker, and he saw not a quiver in their pallid depths. Weak eyes, he thought, but not the eyes of a crazy man nor the eyes of a man overwrought by drink.

"Are you sure of what you say?" Kling asked him.

'Would I be coming here and confessing murder if I wasn't sure of it?" Walker asked, somewhat petulantly, like a man who was in a bad fix and wanted it over with.

"Tell me all about it," the district attorney suggested. "Sit over here in this big chair—you'll be more comfortable—and take your time, my man."

The district attorney stepped briskly into an outer office. In two minutes he had a stenographer planted with pad and pencil, unseen by Jim Walker, behind the same door which hid Inspector Callup.

"Now, my man, tell me all about it," urged the district attorney, coming back to his seat and facing the wretched visitor.

"Well, it's like this," began Jim Walker. "I was in bad shape for money and I knew that old man Rumbold lived alone, with nobody but an old nigger servant. I'd been hanging out in a saloon over on an avenue—right in back of Rumbold's house. There was only an alley between his back yard and the back of the saloon. I used to see the old man sitting in his yard, and I inquired around and found out who he was and how rich. Then I found out that he lived alone.

"Well, I figured that he'd have some money in the house. First I thought I'd rob the house in the daytime, but I changed my mind, as that old nigger was always wandering around, and, in the late afternoons, Rumbold was around, too. I watched the house and saw the lights go out about 9 o'clock every night. I figured I could get something in that house—silverware, or maybe clothes, if I couldn't find any

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(Continued on Page 21.)

# “Pitties” Professional Pride

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

NO ONE ever did know why Duncan had studied medicine. It is doubtful if he knew himself. Possibly because there was a good medical school in the town and his mother could educate him in the profession of healing without parting with him.

Pittie himself—his name was Pitcairn—said he took it up because his grandfather had been a doctor and if he had an hereditary talent he didn't want to waste it.

His success was not remarkable. For one thing, his insignificant stature and youthful face were against him. And then, every mature person in the town called him “Pittie” and could remember him when he wore kilts.

Now and then some one brought him a cold to cure, or a damaged finger to look after, and on the Fourth he was fairly busy. But as a general thing the Duncan chestnut mare and Pittie's new side-bar buggy were hitched to the tree before the house, while inside the doctor smoked unnumbered cigarettes and pretended, when his mother was around, to be immersed in huge dusty volumes from his grandfather's library.

Things might have gone on indefinitely in the same way but for Anne Fraser.

Anne was a pretty girl, with all the spirit that Pitcairn lacked. When he made her an offer of his heart and worldly possessions, the latter a prospect of inheriting from his mother the old white house and the chestnut mare, she refused him almost flippantly.

“Why, Pittie,” she said, “I cant' think you are serious. I suppose you do like me—you have made love to every girl in town—but marriage!”

“I don't see why not,” Pittie said defiantly drawing himself up to his small height. “I have a profession.”

“That you don't use,” Anne interposed practically.

“I might take up surgery.” He was on his dignity now. “I rather hewed at it in college, and I believe I could do something.”

Anne's eyes were soft, but her voice was decisive, as she got up.

“It won't do, Pittie,' she said. “Look!” She took one of his hands and held it up before him. The slender fingers were shaking—quivering to their yellowed tips. “See how it trembles. Cigarettes, isn't it? Do you think any one would trust himself to that hand with a surgeon's knife in it?”

Pittie looked at the offending hand. Then he got his hat and, slamming the door behind him, went home. For a week he read surgery and read hard. Then he lapsed again into listless indolence, made much of by his mother, deferred to by his sisters. After a time the wound healed.

But the scar was there.

When it was rumored that Anne Fraser was going to be married to an architect in the West, Pittie made no sign. He was still the dapper little gallant; he organized the winter dances, as in previous years; he paid the same scrupulous attention to his clothes, and, in less degree, to his few patients. Then, in the spring, he went away.

This is not a Klondike story; that it happened there is merely incidental.

For Pittie went to the Klondike—went because he knew he was a failure, and because, God help him, he knew it wasn't in him to do better; because he hated and loathed the profession he had chosen—every fiber of him revolted at its monotonous round, its humdrum days and hideous nights; went because he wanted to lose himself or find himself in the empty places of the North.

Three years he wandered around, locating here and there, picking up after awhile to follow an irresistible wanderlust. Often he was hungry, always he was cold, this boy who had not grown up, and eternally he was lonesome.

It was in the summer of the third year that he fell in with Hayden, a big, heavy-shouldered fellow in his early thirties, stooped a trifle, as men of his build are apt to be, dark-eyed, black-haired, clean-shaven in that region of bearded men.

It was small wonder that Pittie, wandering into the “Crystal Pharmacy” in search of something to drink—after having been shut off, like a precocious boy, at Timberby's—drew a long breath and was filled, in his small soul, with half-drunken envy.

Pittie was in a bad way. His spirit was broken with failure, his ambition and energy sapped by poor food, much wandering, and bad whisky. Hayden kept him at the “Crystal Pharmacy” that first night, plying him with hot canned beef tea and red pepper, and after twenty-four hours Pittie ceased dodging spiders and yellow caterpillars and went to sleep.

Hayden knew nothing of drugs, and had bought the place as an investment. It paid well, in spite of the proprietor's numerous errors.

Drugs that cost fifty cents an ounce sold for fifteen dollars for the same amount. If Hayden didn't have what was wanted, he shamelessly substituted the nearest thing. He made up prescriptions out of a dog-eared handbook, weighing the ingredients on scales that had ceased to be worthy of the name, and if he occasionally substituted washing-soda for the bicarbonate—well, strange things happened in the Klondike.

Hayden had prospered; he was making money, not only from the pharmacy, but from a lot of wooden shanties which he rented for five dollars a day, said rent payable every afternoon at 8 o'clock.

Hayden approved the change at the pharmacy, altho he said little. He was a man of few words, given to moody silences and occasional sullen rage. Of his personal history he said nothing, and Pittie, too, tho aching to the bottom of his lonely heart for sympathy, jealously kept to himself the white-house home and his womankind.

Hayden's attitude was disdainfully tolerant; it is doubtful if he gave more than passing thought to his satellite, until one night at Timberby's.

For some time there had been bad blood between him and a miner named Kelso. Hayden was a bully at heart, and the rarest of combinations, a bully who was not a coward. Kelso was a big blond fellow, full of swagger. So it was not a surprise when things broke loose at Timberby's and ended with a bullet ripping along the length of Kelso's hairy forearm and lodging in the stovepipe.

After that night Hayden's contempt for Pittie was not unmixed with admiration, for Pittie with his nervous hands dressed the wound, suturing it, in the absence of catgut, with sewing-silk and an ordinary needle. The crowd stood around and watched his business-like preparations; stared while he boiled the silk and the needle on the reddened top of the stove; held its breath while he placed the stitches, amid a volcano of oaths from the patient; sat on Kelso's recalcitrant knees, and having come to sneer, remained to honor.

When it was all over, Pittie saw Kelso put to bed. Then he started for the pharmacy, where he and Hayden slept in a room behind the store. He did not go in at once; instead, he sat down on the wooden doorstep and tried to still the tumult within him.

For a little time he had been a man again, had felt some of the potentialities of his manhood. Ambition, like hope—perhaps they are one and the same—ambition dies hard.

There came back to him the ghost of his early enthusiasm, the dreams he had dreamed, the vision of the man he was to have been. And on the step of the tawdry Crystal Pharmacy this insignificant little country doctor, who had traded his birthright, sat and cried.

No, Pittie was not an heroic figure. Perhaps his nearest approach to heroism was in the letters he sent home—letters written with infinite caution, filled with hope when he was despairing—of success when he was starving. Letters that filled him with a half-crazy longing for home, and which brought replies full of love and confidence that made return impossible.

“You spoiled a good job last night,” Hayden growled the morning after the Kelso incident.

‘That's one way of looking at it,” Pittie said imperturbably, measuring some laudanum. “It isn't my way.”

“The hell it isn't,” Hayden snarled, and dropped the subject. But he paid his clerk a month's wages that day and took the spiritus frumenti bottle from the pharmacy shelves.

THAT day Hayden got a letter. He read it thru standing by a window, put it back in his pocket, and in a moment took it out and read it again.

Then he turned to Pittie with a voice that strove to be surly and failed.

“Do you think you can find any one to clean out the shack?” he asked, looking thru the opened door to the tumbled bunks and littered floor of the lean-to. “It's a devil of a place to bring a woman.”

“Woman?” Pittie echoed hollowly. Hayden went into the back room and gathered an old cigar-box full of poker chips from the barrel that served as a table and stuffed them in the stove. Not until he came back did he answer.

“My wife's coming,” he said. “She may be here any time. I guess I'll try to get the Haggerty woman over to scrub up. We've been living like hogs, you and I.”

Pittie said nothing. So his haven was gone. There was a woman coming. He knew what it meant. More wandering, more crawling in the gutter, this time with no strong, contemptuous hand to pull him out.

“I'll get my things together,” he said finally.

This was not an arduous matter, for his things consisted only of the clothes he was wearing, an old fur overcoat of Hayden's ridiculously large for him, and a small instrument-case, which he had carried thru the bottomless pit, being unable to find any one who would exchange it for so much as a drink of whisky.

“Oh, you don't need to get out,” Hayden responded, with a geniality born of his good news. “You can bunk here in the store, if you like; there's a place back of the store.”

So Pittie remained.

Haggerty's old woman could not come to clean, being temporarily disabled by a blow from her man, and Pittie cleaned the shack—scrubbed it, aired it, hunted up dishes and cooking utensils at the “Household Emporium,” taking toll from his few patients in an extra chair or an unused pillow.

Gradually the shack took on a homelike appearance, for Pittie had been raised in a family of women and knew what women cared for. As a final touch he put up brackets for the lamps, cleaned and filled them, and during the three days that elapsed between the completion of his self-appointed task and the arrival of Mrs. Hayden he went often to the door at the back of the store and looked into the shack complacently

And that was how Pittie met Anne Fraser again, only now she was Anne Hayden, and there was an inch-wide band of white in the dark hair that was brushed loosely back from her forehead.

Something of delicacy kept him away from the store until Hayden had domiciled his wife. Then he went back and began to work among his bottles. Hayden came in whistling—a thing unknown before—with his arms full of parcels.

Pittie did not look up. A moment later the door opened into the store and a woman stood there. She had taken off her heavy wrappings, and her figure stood out in silhouette against the firelight behind her.

It was only when she spoke that Pittie knew.

“Mr. Hayden tells me I must thank you for making everything so homelike,” she said, coming farther into the store. “It's far more confortable than I—— Why, Pitcairn!”

“Anne,” he said hoarsely, and took a step toward her. “I—I didn't know. I never imagined——”

“No,” she said, still holding out her hands, “of course you didn't know. But that doesn't keep you from welcoming me to the North, does it?”

Anne took his hand and held it up to the light.

“Do you remember what I said, once, about that hand?” she asked soberly. “Well, I take it all back. It doesn't tremble as it did, does it? You are all men here, I think.”

“Don't!” he said and thrust his hands in his trouser-pockets.

As she turned to go, to his disgust

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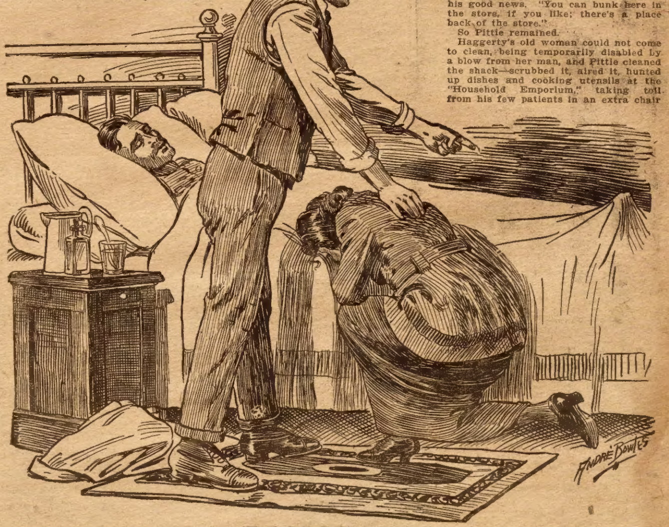


“Thank God! Look!” He Cried.

***Further Chapters in an Unusual Type of Crook Story***

# The Copper Room

## By Frederick C. Davis

### Told in the Opening Installment

**HARRY EVANS,** a young and very efficient detective, with the consent of his chief, assumed the herculean task of running down and breaking up an organized gang of super-crooks engaged in wrecking the business of successful manufacturers with a view of gaining possession of their plants at forced or bankrupt sales. Once in their hands, the plants were speedily rejuvenated and operated at big profits, either singly or in consolidation with others of their kind. No large industrial concern within the bounds of the gang's chosen field of operations seemed immune from their bold and cunning attacks. Members of the bold, law-defying organization worked under a masterful chief, known to them and to an occasional victim as the

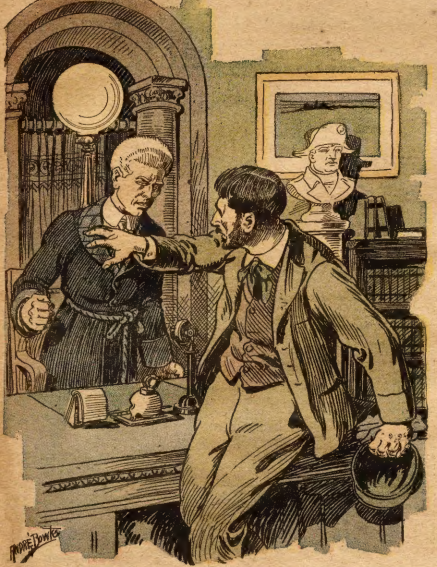
**ALBINO,** an eccentric, fearless leader who had devised terrible and unique methods to bring his chosen victims within his clutches, escape from which generally left them broken in spirit and well-nigh penniless. The arch-crook's last resort, to enforce his villainous demands, was "the copper room," a death chamber quite as terrible as anything known in the dark days of the Spanish Inquisition.

**WILLIAM MOGARTY** of the U. S. Secret Service, Harry's chief, was more anxious to break up the Albino's dreaded organization; therefore he was highly pleased when the young detective came in with a metal tag, numbered 450, which he had taken from a strolling crook who had been permitted to go after being searched. While Harry and his chief were discussing the tag, Harry's married sister,

**MYRA,** telephoned that their father, a manufacturer, had just been found in his office—dead—killed by prussic acid. A letter left by their parent stated that his business had been ruined by a band of crooks and intimated that he had decided to end his life. At his father's office Harry captured a fellow secreted there who surrendered a revolver and a metal tag numbered 512. His name, he said, was

**VINCENTE ZAC,** and who admitted he had placed the bottle of acid on Mr. Evans' desk, as ordered by his chief. Zac was locked up—held without bail—and Harry, whose facial resemblance of the prisoner was strong, resolved to disguise himself and impersonate the foreigner in his efforts to locate and capture the Albino, whoever he might be.

The story began in No. 49 the Ledger for Dec. 3. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.



"You Miserable Puppy!"

CHAPTER IV.

TWO weeks pushed by. It seemed as two years to Harry Evans. His father had been laid away, and he had had long talks with his sister. The prisoner, Zac, had been questioned again and again. Harry was in possession of the man's clothing, his tag, and a note found in one of the pockets. On Harry's chin was a small cross of plaster, under which was healing a cut made by a razor. He had allowed a thin stubble to grow on his upper lip, and had cut his hair short. When clothed in the prisoner's garments he was an exact counterpart of Zac. His entire plan depended on his impersonation of that man.

After another week the cross of plaster was removed, and underneath was a scar resembling the one on Zac's chin to such a degree that only minute examination detected the difference. Harry had mastered the accent of the foreigner, and one afternoon, testing himself before Mogarty, he had heard that official declare that he had never seen anything better in his life. He felt he was ready. He resolved that within a very few hours he would find his way to the house of the master criminal. But first there was another duty—

One evening Harry rang the bell at the door of a large house not far from his own. The door was not opened by a servant; instead, a girl appeared; she was very pretty, with hair the hue of gold and lips the red of rubies. Her laughing eyes suddenly dropped into embarrassment when she saw the person before the door as she opened it; then they beamed brighter than before.

"Oh!" she stammered in a melodious voice, "Oh, Harry, I can't get used to you looking like that!" Harry laughed. "You're so changed. You don't look like the Harry I know."

"I am changed, Helen. If you don't mind, I'll come in!" he laughed.

"Yes, of course. At first I didn't know it was you. Of course, come in. Excuse me, dear."

Harry paused just inside the door and removed his hat. "It's just part of my work, dear," he explained. His arm slipped around Helen's waist, and he kissed her. "I'm sorry I frightened you," he went on.

"I was just startled. Come on in and sit down and tell me about it. Why, there's a scar where you cut yourself when shaving!"

"Yes, but it is nothing. But first—what did your father say?"

Helen's cheeks tinged a charming red. She extended her left hand to Harry, and he saw a diamond solitaire sparkle there. "He was very pleased," Helen said, softly.

"Fine! When—when—— Oh!"

"Oh! What's the matter?"

"Sit down here, Helen. It is cruel to you for me to do this now. I was about to ask you when—when it was to be, but here I am, dressed like a crooked foreigner, going into that organization where I may be gone for weeks and months—and maybe longer," he added meaningly.

"Harry! You mean there is danger——?"

"Yes, there is always danger, dear. But even you didn't know me at first, and I am trusting that a man who has seen only once the fellow I'm supposed to be——"

"But Harry! If he does find out that you're a detective! What then?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said.

Helen grasped Harry's hand tightly. "Oh, I wish you wouldn't do these things," she said sincerely.

"It's the only thing I want to do," Harry answered. "I've got to do it because of what happened to my dad. And if—when I come thru, it will mean advancement, and more money, and then," enthusiastically, "we'll be able to get that bungalow."

"Yes, Harry, but the awful risk!" She saw then that her anxiety worried him. "Tell me about it," she asked.

"There is nothing," Harry said. "I am dressed like a crook who is one of the leaders in a big organization I'm going after, as I told you before. I'm going to take his place and try to get them. They have one of the biggest organizations that any one ever imagined; there are hundreds of men in it, and money is absolutely no object. They are systematically going after every big factory in the country."

"Not daddy's factory, too!"

"That's what I wanted to tell you. Your father owns the Page Mills, and I want you to tell him and warn him that whatever happens, to hold on to his factory. I suppose it is just coincidence that I am in the midst of people who own factories. There is your father with his mills, and the factory my father had, and Myra's husband, Robert Waring, has a large pencil factory. I've warned Bob Waring to keep to his factory, no matter how pressed he is for money."

"You think there is danger that daddy's factory will be the object of these criminals, and that he will be forced to sell, like the other owners?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. I hope not. All I want you to do is tell your father that on no account to part with his factory. Tell him that a gang of crooks are after it. Tell him to meet competition no matter how much money he loses, for that organization won't last long! Not after Uncle Sam gets after it!"

"Not after Harry Evans gets after it!" corrected Helen warmly.

"Nonsense, dear. I'm nothing but a cog in a big machine. Every time I get a chance when I'm with that master crook, I'll get a phone and tell Mogarty what's happening. I won't be able to telephone you, Helen. If I were caught, it would be all off for me. Mogarty and I have a way of talking about things without any one else knowing what we mean. If you have any message for me, you can get it to me by telling Mogarty."

"My message, Harry, will be that I'm thinking of you and praying for you all the time."

"Dear girl! You wait! I'll get that big crook and when I come back—well, that cottage won't have to wait long before we have it!"

Helen's cheeks grew an entrancing pink. "I hope it's very, very soon," she said.

"I'm going into it right, Helen," Harry continued with vigor. "Everything depends on it. But half of my plan no one shall ever know—not even Mogarty. I'm telling you of how I intend to go into this crook's headquarters because I know you will not repeat it to any one. To talk of it would mean perhaps death for me, for the master has listeners everywhere. That is but half my plan. The other half no one shall know until afterward."

"I won't ask you," Helen said.

"I would like to tell you, and I would like to tell Mogarty, but it is something which is a bigger gamble than what I'm doing, and he'd object." Harry gazed at the floor in thought. "Well," he said suddenly. "I'm afraid I must go. I must get started tonight. Don't forget to warn your father."

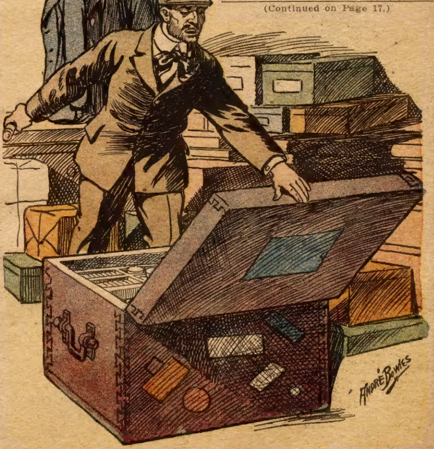
The two went lingeringly to the door.

"I shall be gone a long time, dear," Harry said softly. "I want you to think of me. No matter what happens, just forget that I am really Harry Evans. Remember that I am the man I appear to be. If you see me on the street, or anywhere else, you must not speak to me, or even notice me."

"It will be trying," Helen said.

"But it will be harder for me. I will not be able to communicate with you except through Mogarty. . . . Well, I must go. Don't worry, dear. I'll come

(Continued on Page 17.)



Zac Raised the Lid Cautiously.

*New and Startling Developments in*

# The White Lily Murder

## By H. M. Egbert

## Summary of the Preceding Installment

The storybook had been presented to Hosanna on her ninth or tenth birthday by employes of her father and Mr. Embrich. The inscription was written by Mr. Timson, one of the office men. Writing on the box of flowers and that on the flyleaf of the book when compared were found to be quite similar. This was a shining discovery to Jones and Hosanna. Jones at once declared Timson and Rogers to be one and the same man, and very likely guilty of the murder. Adelaide's description of Rogers tallied exactly with that of Timson. Hosanna was not so sure of Timson's guilt, but was convinced that the man who killed her uncle was the one who burglarized Adelaide's room, but possibly Timson, alias Rogers, was that man.

Jones' next shock was when Hosanna told him she was leaving his employ at once, but she couldn't explain why. He must not ask her, and furthermore he must promise not to tell Clay about their suspicions against Timson, or Rogers. Jones promised and suddenly pressed her to him and kissed her—a strange act which the girl did not resent, believing her employer was beside himself at losing her.

Jones got his next hard jolt when Inspector Clay, after a long discussion of the mathematician's charts and methods, suddenly wheeled about in his chair and soberly informed Jones that—beyond all doubt—it was a woman who killed Embrich, and that woman was none other than his fair assistant, Miss Beach, who had been shadowed for the last twelve hours. The Inspector claimed Hosanna had worn a pair of rubbers with concentric rings on the soles. They had left markings on a wet floor exactly like those observed in the rear of the store the morning after the murder. The rubbers were in Jones' office, and Clay demanded them. He searched, and found them in the bookease behind a row of books from which one volume had been removed.

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The story began in No. 43 the Ledger for Oct. 22. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

### CHAPTER XX.

CLAY got down softly, replaced the chair in front of Hosanna's desk, and, holding a rubber in either hand, stood watching Jones, who, tilted back in his swivel-chair, looked back at him.

At the moment Jones' sole feeling was of outrage that Clay's gross hands should touch those tiny inclosures that had been sacred to Hosanna's feet.

"Pretty strong, Mr. Jones," commented the Inspector. "But as I was sayin', I guess you didn't know."

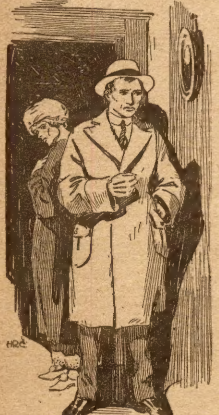
"I certainly did not know that Miss Beach kept her rubbers on the bookshelf," answered Jones. "But, if she wanted to, she knew I didn't care."

"You observed the pattern on the soles?" asked Clay, holding up the rubbers for closer inspection.

"You told me yourself that rubbers with that pattern are on sale at most of the stores."

"I did. But what'd she want to hide 'em for?"

"I'll tell you why," Jones answered, casting about desperately for some anchorage in the fog of his mind. "She knew that you suspected her. And she wasn't going to have you run up a false trail when the capture of the murderer occupied all her thoughts. Maybe it wasn't well advised, but—that's why."



Clay's smile began to broaden, and the sight of it infuriated the other.

"She's innocent," cried Jones. "That's all I have to say at present. But I'll prove it—I swear I'll prove it!"

The Inspector shrugged his shoulders. "Meanwhile, suppose you let me do a little provin' myself," he suggested. "What I was goin' to remark was that I've an appointment with friend Vintner in my office at headquarters in about twenty minutes' time, an' then I'm goin' to pay some other calls. If you think you c'n prove what you say you're goin' to prove, you might like to come along. Of course, there's no compulsion, if you think you c'n do your provin' better sitting here and making circles."

"I'll come," said Jones. "I'm here to look for the truth."

"Which I think you'll find soon enough, Mr. Jones," answered Clay significantly. "Well, if you're ready——"

Jones clapped on his hat, and they left the office together. When they entered the outer office of the homicide bureau a little later Vintner was already there, in the charge of an escort. A young patrolman was also in the room, standing at a little distance from the two others.

Clay beckoned the whole lot into his office. "We don't need you," he said, dismissing Vintner's escort. "Sit down, Mr. Jones. Mornin', Vintner! Think you've put one over on us, eh?"

Vintner gave an exhibition of his grin. "Oh, I don't think nothing. Suit yourselves," he answered, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Clay looked at the patrolman. "Brannigan, d'you ever see this man before?" he asked.

"I did," responded Brannigan.

"Friend of yours?"

"No, sir!" Brannigan's tone was emphatic as to that, and Vintner grinned again.

"Well, when did you see him last?"

"'Twas in the Night Court on Tuesday evening. I niver saw him before that night. I arretsed him at the Central Park entrance, south side, at half-past 9."

"Go on!" barked Clay.

"I saw him standing with a woman at the south entrance to the park a 9:15. I kept the pair of 'em under close observation, because they seemed to be having a disagreement about something. At least, I judged he was wanting her to agree to do something or other, and she was objecting. By the time I'd got near them they was both so worked up they didn't notice me.

"Then I heard him asking her to go with him again, and she refused, and called him a jail-bird. That was a pretty good clew for me, and I was just going to have a look at him to see if I could identify him when he hit her in the face. She started screaming, and they saw me at the same time, and made away in different directions.

"I couldnt' take in both of 'em, and I saw the woman hadn't done nothing, so I went after this man and got him before he'd gone more than fifty paces. I rapped, but you know it's a long beat, and by the time Flannery come up the woman had made her getaway. So I took this man to the station, and he was fined ten dollars in the Night Court."

"What name did he give there?" asked the Inspector.

"Name of Clay," responded the patrolman, at which Vintner gave another grin.

"And you're sure this is the man?"

"Dead sure. I'd know him again in a hundred years by that smile of his," responded the officer. "Smiled all the time."

"And you're prepared to testify on oath to what you're tellin' me?"

"I've done so, and I'm ready to do so again," said Brannigan.

Clay drew in a long breath. "If you were bein' fined in the Night Court at the time Mr. Embrich was bein' murdered, naturally you couldn't have been in Mr. Embrich's store at th' same time," he said to Vintner. "But why in h—l couldn't you have come thru with that story when I saw you before?"

"Because I ain't doin' no talkin' till I seen my friends," responded Vintner in a surly manner. "You play and I follow. Get me?"

"All right, Bill. We'll play for th' original charge, then," answered Clay, who seemed in nowise disconcerted by Vintner's triumph.

When he had been taken back Clay asked Brannigan: "Think you could identify the young woman? What sort of looker was she?"

"Pretty as a picture," the patrolman answered. "One of them natural blondes, with big, baby eyes—blue, I'd say, tho I couldn't tell in the dark. He called her 'Jenny.'"

"Now are you sure of that or did you just read that was her name?" asked Clay.

"I'm dead sure," said the policeman emphatically.

"You'd know her out of a dozen, would you?"

"Out of a hundred," answered Brannigan.

"Well, I guess we won't put you to that trouble, but I'll take you to see her," said the Inspector.

Jones accompanied them to the Tombs. Jennie Friend was seated behind the bars of her cell in the women's part of the prison. When she looked up and recognized Clay the look of obstinacy came over her face again. She glanced quickly at Jones and the patrolman, but appeared not to know either of them.

"Well, Jenny," said Clay, "we're wise to you now." He turned to the patrolman. "This the woman?" he asked.

"That's her," said Brannigan.

"You're sure, now? Remember, there's a good deal dependin' on what you say."

"No doubt of it," said Brannigan.

"All right!" Clay dismissed him. As he turned to Jenny again the girl broke out:

"Say, what're you trying to put over on me now? I've told you—as God's my witness——"

Clay raised a heavy hand. "Can the chatter, Jenny!" he said. "We're hep. Bill Vintner's come thru with it. We know now what you were doin' at half-past 9 on Tuesday evenin'."

"I went for a walk, I tell you, and that's all you'll ever get out of me," the girl persisted. "Say, I'm not falling for any of that line of talk!"

Clay smiled. "I'll tell you what you were doing, Jenny," he said. "You went for a walk with Vintner as far as Central Park. You had a few words there, an' Vintner struck you in the face an' got hooked for it. You made your getaway. We know all about it, Jenny."

Jenny's nerve left her completely. She almost crumpled, and clutched at the bars for support. "Oh, my Gawd!" she wailed. "So you've got wise to it, have you?"

"Sure I have, an' it's nothin' against you, Jenny," said Clay cheerfully. "What beats me is why you didn't come thru with it before."

"Come thru? Who? Me?" cried Jenny. "I'm a respectable girl, I am. To think that beast went back on me like that! That's the stuff you get handed for being kind to a jail-bird!"

"How d'you mean, 'bein' kind'?" asked Clay.

"Why, I useter go with Vintner once, before I knew what sort of fellow he was, and when he was sent to the pen, naturally I gave him the mitt. Then, after he came out, he kept pesterin' me to go with him again, and he wouldn't let me alone.

"Well, I felt kinder sorry for him, because he was down and out, and at last I thought, if I was to meet him, I might be able to make him believe I'd meant what I said when I told him that there'd be nothing more doing between us. That's why I met him.

"I wasn't going to have it said as I was running round with a fellow just outer the pen," continued the girl.

"Of course you weren't, Jenny," said Clay, nodding his head encouragingly. "And what happened when you met him?"

Jenny shrugged her shoulders. "Why, he started asking me not to turn him down," she said, "and he kept telling me he'd got good money comin' in, and that I wouldn't have to work if I married him. I guessed what he meant, tho he didn't say——"

"Didn't tell you where it was comin' from?"

"No. He just kept talking, and I couldn't make him understand for a long time. He thought I was stallin' him. At last he woke up and asked me, short and nasty, if I was thru with him. I told him I was, and then he—he hit me."

"So that's why you wouldn't talk, eh?" asked Clay.

"Sure it was! I didn't think Vintner was cur enough to give me away, but I might have known a man who'd hit a lady wouldn't stick at that.

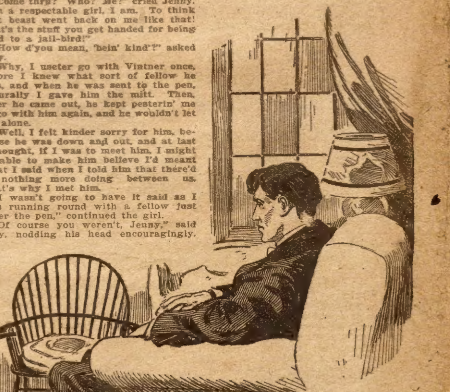
"I knew you hadn't anything on me, and I guessed that handkerchief was just a fake, tho it sure startled me some. So, believe me, I'd have stayed here till I dissolved before I'd have had it known that I'd been punched in the eye by a man, and a jail-bird at that."

Clay looked at her and appeared to reflect for a moment or two.

"Well," he said at length, "all I c'n say is, you'd have done better to have handed in the goods when I asked you for 'em. You've acted mighty foolish, Jenny, and I guess you've more or less deserved what you've got. However, I b'lieve you're tellin' me the truth now. But what more have you got to say about that handkerchief?"

"My Gawd, I keep telling you I've never seen it before!" exclaimed the girl. "Don't I keep saying it's the initial of the first name that goes on handkerchiefs?"

"You do," said Clay. "However, I guess that's mostly a matter of individual taste. You haven't doped out any idea who it was put that handkerchief down the waste-pipe?"



**It Was the Butler, Peek, Smooth, Furtive, Sneering, and Looking Defiance at Jones Thru His Half-closed Eyes.**

Jenny shook her head vigorously. "All my handkerchiefs are plain," she said. "Them with the initials are common. Ladies don't use 'em much. But I guess the person who stuffed it down there had got me in mind when it was done."

Clay inclined his head. "I'm beginnin' to think so too, Jenny," he said. "So I'm thinkin' of takin' a chance an' lettin' you out of here."

"And what about Vintner?" inquired Jenny eagerly.

"Him? Oh, we'll be holdin' him quite a spell yet. Don't you trouble about what's goin' to happen to Bill Vintner. He's a bad egg."

"I should worry," remarked the girl contemptuously. "I guess you spoke the truth, anyway."

"We'll be wantin' him for two or three of those little jobs that he was goin' to make money enough to get married on, maybe," continued Clay. "Take a tip from he, an' keep away from him. It's likely to be a good few years before he troubles you again."

"As long as you put Vintner where he belongs, you can hold me here till the clock strikes," said Jenny, vindictively.

Clay half-turned, as if to go, then suddenly swung round upon his heel and asked:

"I s'pose you don't happen to know who killed Mr. Embrich, do you, Jenny?"

"Me?" cried the girl, startled. "For Gawd's sake, no!"

He measured her with his cold glance.

"Well, I guess you can look forward to goin' home tomorrow, or today, maybe, if I c'n arrange it. And you steer clear of Bill Vintner, and his kind," he said.

"You betcha!" returned Jenny, smiling.

## CHAPTER XXI.

JONES followed the Inspector out of the flagged corridor, but their immediate destination was not the street. He made his way toward the men's part of the prison, stopped, fumbled for his pass, and said:

"I guess what you've heard has about knocked out the idea of Jenny Friend and Vintner, Mr. Jones.

"I never held it," answered Jones.

"Well," retorted Clay, "you said it was a woman, with a man helpin' her in an indirect sort of way, an' I'm goin' to pin you down there. We're goin' to see Mr. Goodloe, and, when we've seen him, maybe you'll have a new idea about it. He was goin' to talk to me today. Of course, he don't have to. I can"t sweat him in here. Only he seems to want to. Got somethin' or other on his chest he's anxious to get rid of," said Clay, sardonically.

Goodloe's appearance was very different from Jenny's. He rose nervously from his seat, and, when he came forward, Jones could see that he seemed to have gone to pieces during his few days' incarceration. His hands trembled as he clutched at the bars in the familiar prison manner.

His cheeks, unshaven since the day before, had fallen in, his tie sagged beneath his crumpled collar, and he looked almost a nervous wreck.

"Mornin', Mr. Goodloe," said Clay. "This is my friend, Mr. Jones, you met in the office Wednesday. We're on the case together, an' anything you want to say to me won't go any further than Mr. Jones, neither."

Goodloe looked nervously from Clay to Jones, and back again. His truculent, defiant manner had entirely disappeared. His attitude, his voice, was almost cringing.

"Yes, I—I wanted to have a talk with you, Mr. Clay," he answered. "I suppose it's best to tell you quite frankly all I know about the matter. My lawyer doesn't want me to, and so it'll have to be understood that—I mean, I shouldn't wish him to know about it."

"Well, Mr. Goodloe, if you're able to throw any light on the subject that'll clear you, of course, your lawyer won't amount to a hill o' beans," said Clay genially. "However, it's up to yourself, of course, an' there's no one c'n advise you. If you think you're jeopardisin' your interests, it'd be best to say nothin'."

"No," answered Goodloe wearily. "I guess it'd be best to speak frankly. I was a good deal startled when you found those fingerprints on the envelope-opener, and my first thought was to save others who might be implicated—unjustly, of course."

"Quite so," returned Clay sagely. "Seems to me it'd be best to tell exactly what happened on Tuesday night, so far as is known to you. You've seen the first edition of th' afternoon papers, no doubt. No? I'm s'prised, sir."

With a characteristic gesture Clay whipped out a newspaper and held it up before the bars. The effect was electrical. Goodloe clutched at his hair and almost reeled backward. Jones uttered an inarticulate, high-pitched growl of horror: For in huge letters, extending across the page was the headline,

BEACH GIRL ESCAPES THE NET.

And, underneath:

"The daughter of Cyrus K. Embrich's former partner, and ward of the murdered man, who is now wanted by the police, evades the dragnet and is supposed to be in hiding somewhere within the city."

Clay quietly handed the paper thru the bars. "Take your time, Mr. Goodloe," he said suavely. "Y' see, it really might be best to tell me just what happened, an' later, if necessary, we'll get a stenographer from th' office to put it into your words over your signature."

Goodloe, who had been devouring the headlines, flung the paper down with a sudden, nerveless gesture.

"Yes, I'll tell you, Mr. Clay," he said. "As you know, Mr. Embrich and I had a quarrel on the afternoon of the day he was murdered. I'd gone down to his office to talk to him, and he was more violent than I have ever known him to be before. I sat at his desk for perhaps twenty minutes, and all the time it was a long tirade against me, partly because Miss Beach had left him, and partly on account of my supposed bad habits of life.

"We'd had quarrels before, because the business had failed that he had started me in, and I guessed Miss Martin was trying to make trouble between us. That woman wanted to get hold of some of the old man's money.

"However, this time it seemed a showdown. My uncle was nearly off his head with rage, and he talked unintelligibly about Miss Beach and I having both behaved badly, and that he'd made arrangements to leave his money elsewhere. It meant little to me at the time, but in the light of his secret marriage, of course, it all became plain.

"He didn't give me the chance to say a word, and I knew it would be no use until he'd got over his fit. But I was a good deal worried—not about the money, you understand, but because I felt that matters had come to a crisis. I couldn't continue to live with him, and I wanted us to talk it over calmly and find out where we stood.

"When Peck told me that he was working late at the office I decided to go down and see him that night, and have a definite arrangement before I left. I went down about half-past 10——"

"And you found the door open?" interrupted Clay.

"Wide open. There was nobody about. I went up the back stairs and along the passage to Miss Martin's room. I knew both doors of my uncle's office would be locked, but he'd be in a much better mood if I went in thru Miss Martin's office. That was one of his little peculiarities."

"I know," said Clay. "Go on, Mr. Goodloe."

"I knocked two or three times, but there was no answer, and I concluded that he'd gone home, and that I must have missed him on the way. I tried the handle, just as a form—you know, one generally does that before leaving—and, to my surprise, I saw Miss Beach standing in front of the door, looking at me in terror. She screamed, and tried to shut me out.

"Then, over her shoulder, I saw my uncle sitting stone dead in his chair, with the blood dripping from his shoulder."

He paused and passed his hand over his damp forehead. "You understand, Mr. Clay, I didn't see her kill him, and I'm sure she didn't," he continued. "I'd swear to it."

"Just why?" asked Clay softly.

"She—she told me so. I mean, she's not that sort of girl. She——"

"Just a moment," Clay interrupted. "S'pose you finish your story, an' we'll take up the inferences afterward. What was said then?"

"I can't remember. I was too horrified and overcome. But she told me she'd come down to see Mr. Embrich, after telephoning the house and learning that he was going to be at the office late. She'd only been there a minute when I came. She—she was as horrified as I."

"Quite naturally," said Clay.

"We saw that nothing could be done, and we agreed that it would be best for us each to go home and say nothing about the murder at all, because our presence there was bound to be connected with it. It seemed to us that no wrong would be done to any one in that way."

"And you went out together?"

"I think—no! I went out first and hurried home as fast as I could. You'll realize how shaken I was by the affair. And if it hadn't been for those fingerprints of mine I'd never have been brought into this thing at all."

"I d'no," said Clay. "Th' girl 'd have told sooner or later."

"But I want you to understand," persisted Goodloe, "that Miss Beach had no more to do with it than I had. It was just an unlucky accident that brought us both there together."

"Maybe so. That's out of my province just at present, Mr. Goodloe. Anyway, you've made that statement before Mr. Jones and me, an' I take it you'll be prepared to put your signature to it this afternoon?"

"I will, of course. I must read it over, of course, and how soon will I be allowed to go?"

"Well, we'll do our best for you, Mr. Goodloe," answered Clay jocosely. "I guess you've done th' right thing, an' what you concealed was out of a sense of chivalry to Miss Beach, an' that'll weigh with every one. Good mornin'."

JONES, who had listened with alternating impulses, followed Clay out of the jail in mingled horror and rage.

His mind reconstructed the scene; he saw Hosanna discovering the body of the murdered man; he marveled at the fortitude and heroism which had sustained her during the awful days that followed, when, animated by the sole desire to avenge her guardian's death, she had stuck to her post in the full consciousness of her own situation.

Never had he felt more convinced of Hosanna's innocence than when he entered the inner sanctum of the homicide bureau with the Inspector.

Clay, seating himself, motioned Jones to a chair. Jones, however, remained standing.

"There's no doubt," mused Clay, "that young Phil Goodloe's the strongest specimen of a skunk that's crossed my path since they shunted me in here. 'Went first,' did he. Well, all I c'n say to that is, either that he's lyin', or he's about the lowest specimen of his tribe to leave the girl in that place, murderess or no murderess.

"An' then his hittin' at Miss Martin, who's nutty over him, an' sayin' she was tryin' to get his uncle's money away from him. What do you think, Mr. Jones?"

"What I think," said Jones, "is that you've been playing a d——d crooked game."

Honest, tenacious, not to be turned aside, Jones bearded Clay at his desk, expressing the first thought of his fervent soul.

Clay, having lit a cigar, puffed at it leisurely, and then raised his eyes to Jones'. "Y' do, eh?" he asked. "Well, I'm not altogether s'prised at your takin' it that way, human natur' bein' what it is. But I did think at first that Vintner had a share in this business, too, an' when I learned last night that he'd been in th' Night Court at th' time the murder was done, it startled me considerably.

"However, you're in on this case by th' express wishes of the late Mr. Embrich. I told you I'd keep you posted on developments, an' I'm goin' to do so. I'll just sum up what evidence there is apart from Goodloe's statement, an' ask you what any jury's goin' to make out of it.

"First thing, there was that handkerchief. Now, you c'n see for yourself, Mr. Jones, that's mighty conclusive. Why, I was dead sure it was Jenny's, until Miss Beach asked me that question in th' office. As f'r that subconscious theory of yours, well, I c'n only take the common sense point of view, and we ain't got to the point yet where the subconscious gets a respectful hearin' in the courts. Is there a single lawyer in th' land who'd dare to hang his case upon that subconscious stuff?

"No, sir. Miss Beach was scared out of her wits after she'd stuffed that handkerchief in th' pipe in sheer, blind panic, for fear it 'd be found. An' that touches a cur'ous point in the psychology of murderers.

"Y' see, Mr. Jones, when they're layin' their lines, it looks convincin'. They fool themselves into thinkin' they've got everybody else fooled. When she bought that handkerchief, she thought it 'd be proof positive against Jenny.

"But after she'd rammed it down th' waste-pipe she wasn't so sure. She cast about, lookin' for th' flaw in the evidence she'd built up. An' she got scared. An' so she put that question to me. She gave herself away cold, and if you didn't suspect her, then all I c'n say is, give me common sense instead of diagrams.

"Now—second. That hair we found on Mr. Embrich's shoulder's hers. It's not Jenny's. Maybe Jenny's crop has one or two hairs as yellow as that, but most of it's carroty—and that's a pretty strong presumption, if it ain't proof.

"Third, there's the man Peck. He recognized her voice the minute she spoke to him at Mr. Embrich's house, as havin' been the same that spoke to him over th' telephone the night before. An' that's goin' some, too.

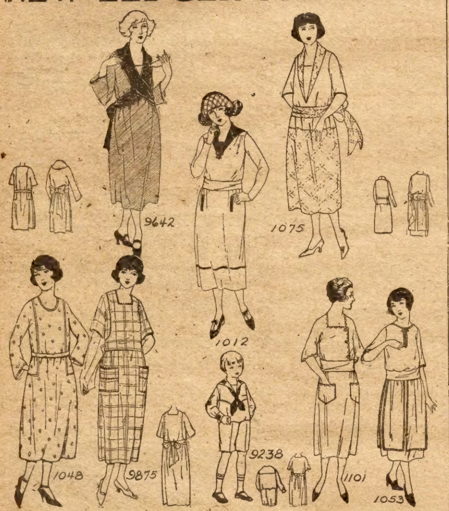
"Fourth, there's th' rubbers. We know the woman who came in by th' Fothergill street store was wearin' rubbers with that pattern in places in New York. But we find 'em tucked away behind the books on your shelves, which looked as if they hadn't been taken down and dusted since they were put up there.

"Fifth, there's Miss Beach's own actions. Why did she beat it when she saw th' game was up? Blind panic again. Of course, we'll get her. And that don't improve her chances, neither.

"Lemme see, that's five points I've given you. One more. An' I cay say, Mr. Jones, if all the other points didn't exist, or could be explained away, this one'd convict her. It'd convict any one.

"I don't know whether you observed—most likely you didn't—that when Miss Beach was in Mr. Embrich's office on Wednesday mornin' she leaned back and put her hands against the safe. I saw that, an'—well, I've got her fingerprints as clear as any record in the department. And—there was another set of fingerprints on the safe, just about the same place, which wasn't made by Miss Beach that mornin'—because I watched every

# NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



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move she made, an' she only put her fingers there once.

"We've got that second impression, too, an' it's th' same. It was made not long before—a day, maybe, not more. And how long was it since she'd been into her uncle's office? Weeks, Mr. Jones, weeks!

"When we take that evidence before th' jury, together with Phil Goodloe's confession, there won't be the least chance in th' world for either. I tell you, Mr. Jones, Hosanna Beach and Phil Goodloe are as guilty as hell. They planned it months ago. They pretended to be estranged so's to help things along. Why did she go on wearin' his ring if she'd had a quarrel with him, an' left Mr. Embrich's house to avoid bein' forced into marryin' him? I can't answer it. Can you?

"No, sir, this is the clearest case I've ever handled. It's plain, an' the motive's plain, too. The pair of 'em got wise to Mr. Embrich's infatuation for that Orr woman. They knew he was proposin' to make her his wife, an'—they wanted to keep the property for themselves. Am I right in arrestin' her?"

He slammed his heavy fist down on the desk and glowered at Jones, who, sick with horror, answered:

"From your point, yes. But it's not true she murdered him. And every word you've spoken shows what a d—n traitor you are, as I've told you before!"

Clay's lips parted in a sneering grin. "Oh, come, Mr. Jones, that ain't bein' fair to our profession!" he said. "Y' can't catch murderers with silk gloves, nor murderesses neither. But I'll take that from just one man, an' that's you, knowin' you're sweet on her."

## CHAPTER XXII.

JONES, laying his diagrams on the top of an enormous pile of papers, tilted back in his swivel-chair.

Three days had passed since his last interview with Clay. They had been days of anguish, during which he had devoured every edition of the newspapers, dreading momentarily to read the news of Hosanna's arrest. But thus far the girl had evaded the dragnet of the police almost miraculously.

Miraculously, in view of a hunt for her which had become nationwide, for the two-days' sensation of Embrich's murder had been revived by the new turn of the case. Vintner, charged with a minor offense, had unexpectedly obtained his release on bail thru the intervention of some unknown person, who had put up the stiff sum demanded by the law. Jenny had been set free. Goodloe's reputed "confession" was known, and public opinion howled for the capture of the girl, who, in its belief, had conspired with her lover to murder their common guardian for a sordid end.

As the days passed, and Hosanna remained at large, the newspapers grew faint in their denunciations of the police department for having allowed her to slip thru its fingers. Nobody had the least doubt of Hosanna's guilt—nobody, that is, save Jones.

And Jones came in for a good deal of unwelcome attention, of which the interviews were the least objectionable feature. He was variously depicted as a cunning criminal and an ingenuous ass. His system was made the subject of caricatures. He was spied on by the press, and he believed himself shadowed by detectives.

Jones cared very little for all this. Remaining at home by day, he made his way down to his office nightly, and there sat wrestling with his variables till dawn, going over and over his charts and diagrams in the hope of elucidating something new.

He had explored them all with his dogged pertinacity, and he had gone as far as pure mathematics could lead him. A woman had murdered Embrich. A man had been associated with her in some inexplicable way, and yet had had no hand in the slaying. And, tracing the curve of obscure causes, Jones had assured himself that the motive was neither robbery nor revenge—which eliminated Hosanna, could he ever have suspected her.

He never had, despite Clay's showing and Goodloe's statement. He was convinced that the girl's presence in the office on the night of the murder could be explained innocently. It was characteristic of Jones that he gave his trust absolutely and with a defiance of probabilities that grew more reckless as they became more gigantic.

He had cast over in his mind the three other possible suspects—Jenny, Miss Martin, Adelaide Orr. And he found it impossible to conceive that either of them had treacherously struck Embrich down while he dozed in his office.

He had gone nightly to Madison Square to receive Bobby's report, but he had never seen Bobby, and he had abandoned all hope of it. He had not a doubt that the boy had quickly tired of playing detective, and had gone back to his old stand near headquarters, where Jones was no longer welcome.

The decision which Jones had now reached was a momentous one for him. It was nothing less than to abandon further mathematical investigations and to adopt the practical role, despite his lack of all the qualities of the detective. He resolved to follow up the Timson clew. Also he decided, as a preliminary, to see Miss Martin.

Accordingly, at an early hour in the morning, he proceeded to the small hotel at which she lived, and, sending up his card, was presently admitted to her two rooms on the seventh floor.

Miss Martin's appearance shocked Jones when he faced her at the door. She was in negligee, her hair hastily wound up in a ball at the back of her head, and she looked generally disheveled and unkempt. She had aged fifteen years since that morning in the office.

The suave, comely secretary, the embodiment of almost masculine neatness formerly, was now hardly recognizable in this gaunt, haggard woman, with the blue half-circles beneath her eyes, hollow cheeks and sagging skin that was covered with a network of tiny wrinkles.

But it was the hopeless, haggard look in Miss Martin's eyes that contributed most to the change in her. The woman looked like a lost, tortured soul.

Only her self-possessed manner remained. "Come in, Mr. Jones," she said quietly, ushering him into the little living-room. "You'll see a great change in me, I expect." She sat down with a sudden, weak collapse of muscular power, and motioned him to take a chair.

"I've hardly slept since this terrible development," she added in a harsh, unsteady voice. "And I'm nearly mad with anxiety. They wont' let me se Philip. It's a fake!" she went on hytserically. "It's a fake—that supposed confession. He never confessed. And why should they keep me from him?"

"I was present with Clay when he made his statement," said Jones. "It was no confession, but he admitted having been down to the office, and having seen Mr. Embrich's body in the chair, and Miss Beach standing beside it."

Miss Martin looked almost demented. "Then he—he was there?" she gasped.

"He had gone to speak to his uncle. He denied all knowledge of the murderer."

"Then who was it?" Miss Martin cried. "Who but Vintner? And they've let him out on bail." She burst into loud, mocking laughter.

"Miss Martin, have you any suspicions of any one else than Vintner who might have been interested in Mr. Embrich's death?" asked Jones.

The abrupt cessation of the laughter was more startling than its beginning. The secretary sat as still as an image. Only her eyes turned on Jones and transfixed him.

"Of whom in particular?" she asked, in that quiet, trained voice of hers now so strikingly at odds with her appearance.

"Of any one?"

"Oh, it was Vintner!' she cried. "Vintner! How many times must I attempt to make you men see the obvious? Nobody else bore Mr. Embrich anything but love. How should they?"

"Do you think—I hope this doesn't sound offensive—but do you think," said Jones, remembering Adelaide's revelations, "that Mr. Embrich had another side to his life of which we are ignorant?"

"No! No, a thousand times!" she answered. "His life was open as a book. He was the best man that ever lived, in spite of the tragedy of that foolish marriage. How he met that woman, and married her, is the sole mystery in his career."

"If they had never met, I suppose he would still have died in the same cruel way, but at least it could never have been said that Philip had assasinated him in order to prevent him from willing the property away. He would have been free long ago. The papers are hounding him as if he had already been sentenced to die. It's infamous—Phil Goodloe, whom I've known since he was a boy. The soul of honor—the best boy who ever lived! That's Philip Goodloe!"

"I have wondered," Jones hazarded, "why you feel the charge against him so keenly."

"Keenly?" she echoed. "Because I've known him so many, many years. He's been almost like my own son. He worshiped his uncle Cyrus. Oh, it's damnable, Mr. Jones, that Clay should hold Philip on this preposterous charge, and set the real murderer at liberty. What lies, what tricks, what forgeries are they not resorting to in order to stir up public opinion against him! And why—why—why?"

"The evidence against Vintner——" began Jones.

"Was absolute," she interrupted. "He alone had the motive. He had threatened Mr. Embrich. And I saw him skulking in the yard that day with my own eyes. Then there's that Friend woman, his sweetheart and accomplice. Her handkerchief, with blood on it! In heaven's name, how could they let her go!"

SHE went on with a passionate gesture. "Do you wonder to see me looking like this. I feel that an awful miscarriage of justice may be committed. And I know—a woman does know by instinct, Mr. Jones, and doesn't need to weigh each scrap of evidence; tho, goodness knows, that's overwhelming!"

"But, still, Miss Martin, the evidence that Vintner was under arrest in the Night Court at the time the autopsy shows the murder to have been committed seems almost unassailable. It is testified to, remember, by the patrolman who arrested him. Now, under those circumstances, what could Clay do but ——"

Miss Martin leaped to her feet. "Oh, I tell you Vintner killed Mr. Embrich!" she cried, in almost uncontrollable excitement. "If the doctors say that Mr. Embrich couldn't have died an hour later than the time they gave, then they are fools, liars or rogues. Perhaps all three.

"Mr. Jones, Mr. Embrich retained your services before his death, as if he foresaw what was going to happen. What do you believe? Do you think in your heart that Philip Goodloe is innocent?"

"I am absolutely convinced," said Jones emphatically, "that Philip Goodloe no more struck the blow which killed Mr. Embrich than Miss Beach did."

"You—you are sure that Miss Beach mightn't have—have done it in uncontrollable anger?" asked the secretary, looking at Jones in a curious manner.

It was not until after he had left her that Jones realized what an astounding change of front this was. At the moment a gust of furious anger overcame him at the idea that Miss Martin was trying to sacrifice Hosanna to save her favorite.

He stormed at her until the secretary was reduced to impotent tears and weak apologies.

"Then help me!' she pleaded. "Help me to save him—save them! What can we do? Think of something! How can we prove his—prove their innocence to the world?"

"So far as I can see," said Jones, "except for Mr. Goodloe's statement that he was in the office, there is no evidence against him beyond his fingerprints upon the envelope-opener. Their presence he has explained. But that counts heavily with a jury—I am bound to express myself frankly.

"As for Mis Beach, I know that she is innocent. She will reappear at the right time, and has simply gone away in order to work on the case."

"Mr. Jones, we've got to get the murderer," Miss Martin interposed. "We know who he is. But we can't set the machinery of the law in motion. Only an enlightened public opinion can force that man Clay to have Vintner re-arrested. I was coming to you," she continued in agitation. "You must stand by me. There are things—perhaps——"

Suddenly Jones was possessed of the absolute conviction that Miss Martin held some key which would unlock the mystery. And he began to wonder whether it might not be the same key that Hosanna held—whether the knowledge shared by the two women, whatever it was, might be a commone one.

Miss Martin was staring at Jones with a rapt look, her eyes were preternaturally bright, and, as if evoked by his mental cry for enlightenment, some speech that would solve his perplexities appeared to tremble on her tongue.

"I have been thinking," Jones began, "that Mr. Timson——"

"Timson! Good God!" exclaimed Miss Martin, recoiling from him. She was breathing in intense agitation now, and fear had replaced incipient confidence upon her face.

"Miss Martin, if you know anything bearing on all this, anything that would throw a new light on it, wont' you tell me, in confidence, if necessary, to clear Philip Goodloe and Miss Beach?" asked Jones.

Miss Martin took an impulsive step toward him. "Oh, if you knew——" she began, and then there came a ring at the doorbell.

Uttering a suppressed exclamation which sounded like an incipient masculine oath, Miss Martin held up her hand, either for silence or to detain him there, and went into the tiny hall. Jones heard the door opened, Miss Martin's sharp exclamation, and then a man's voice which he could not for the moment place.

The back of the secretary was partly visible thru the half-closed door, and a moment later Jones saw a man push Miss Martin coolly aside, stride to the door, and stand looking at him.

It was the butler, Peck, smooth, furtive, silent, sneering, and looking defiance at Jones thru his half-closed eyelids.

Without a word the man swung about and pulled the door nearly shut with a movement of his singularly white hand that conveyed an impression of indescribable insolence.

The colloquy went on interminably, the butler's droning voice and Miss Martin's occasional high-toned protests. "Tomorrow night!" Jones heard her repeat sharply. Fifteen or twenty minutes passed before Jones heard Peck walk away along the passage.

Miss Martin came back into the room. Her face was deadly white, her voice hard and full of resolution.

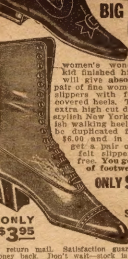
"I must ask you to go immediately, Mr. Jones," she said. "You have brought me no information, and I cannot see you further."

"I wanted——" Jones began, but she turned upon him with a fierce gesture. "Will you go?" she demanded. "I'm too ill to be persecuted in this way. Isn't the police department more than any woman can stand, without you amateurs coming poking your noses in here? Go at once, and don't come bothering me again!"

Jones went out, and Miss Martin, hardly waiting till he was in the corridor, closed her door with a vicious slam.

Peck was waiting at the gate of the

(Continued on Page 23.)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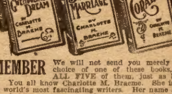
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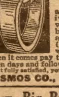
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# Pittie's Professional Pride

(Continued From Page 6.)

Pittie felt a choking in his throat. He swallowed hard and held her hand.

"You're a breath from home, Anne," he said with a great wave of homesickness.

She stopped in the doorway.

"No matter how great and famous you become," she flung back over her shoulder, "I take the credit for starting you on the right path. It was kind cruelty."

Later Pittie noticed how worn and sad Anne looked. He saw how her color had gone, and that there were fine lines of repression at the corners of her mouth. That first night, however, he saw only himself as he must appear in her eyes, branded with the marks of failure and dissipation, an unshaven, slovenly mockery of the boy she had known.

Once, when Anne had been there for a month and things had adjusted themselves again, he tried to tell her something of the years that had gone. But she stopped him.

"It's over, Pittie," she said. "We must just forget it. There are things in the last few years that I want to forget, too; altho sometimes I think I never can."

Then she told him about the two little graves in a country churchyard in Iowa, and he began to know why she had the band of white in her hair, and why the joy of life seemed to have left her.

He was no longer in love with her; that had died long ago.

And Anne was supremely loyal to her husband; even in their most confidential moments she never breathed a word against him altho it was painfully evident to Pittie she was a woman typifying home, and purity, and peace.

He transferred to Hayden's wife the allegiance that had been Hayden's, and he was content to serve her. When Anne thanked him for some little attention he expanded gratefully. Surely nothing could have been more commonplace, more unheroic. To be a woman's footstool—faugh!

And then one evening Hayden came home and found Anne sobbing out her heart over a bundle of little shoes and tiny dresses and Pittie on his knees stroking her hand and trying to comfort her in little broken whispers. Hayden stopped in the doorway, motionless.

"Don't, don't," Pittie was saying softly; "don't break your heart, dear. You said you were going to forget—I would do anything——"

Hayden strode over, and seizing Pittie by his shoulder threw him against the wall. Then he took the little garments and thrust them into the stove.

"How long's this been going on?" he demanded of Anne, who sat with dilated reddened eyes.

Pittie picked himself up, white and speechless.

"I might have known it," Hayden raved. "It's soft, insinuating little puppies like you that women like. It's been 'Anne' and 'Pittie" for God knows how long here, and I had too much contempt for you to suspect you, you little sneak. Now get out, and God help you if I ever see you again."

There was no appeal. It would have been impossible to make a man of Hayden's type believe that any man would kneel beside a woman in trouble and soothe her and stroke her hand unless he was in love with her.

And realizing the hopelessness of it all, Pittie went.

IT WAS three days later when he came to a knowledge of his surroundings—what had happened in the interval, to what depths of degradation he had descended, he never knew. He roused to a vague sense of discomfort, followed by the knowledge that some one was disturbing him—shaking, pounding him.

"Get up! Get up!" the voice said.

"G'wan," Pittie said thickly. "G'wan; le' me 'lone."

The thumping grew more vigorous.

"You're wanted," the voice said. "Get up, I tell you. Hello; he's gone again! Get some water, there."

But Pittie was awake now. He sat up—he seemed to have been lying under a table—and looked around sullenly. There were two or three men in the room; together they lifted him to a chair.

"Now listen," said one of them, the one who had spoken before. "Hayden's been shot."

"D—n Hayden," Pittie said.

"Kelso shot him this afternoon—square in the back. In the back! Do you get it?"

Pittie nodded sullenly.

"Something's got to be done for him right away," another voice broke in.

"Now, you straighten up and come over there. Get him some whisky, Ike"

"I don't want any whisky," Pittie said. He seemed suddenly sober. "How long have I been here?"

"Two or three days. Come along, won't you? Hayden's goin' fast."

"Where's Murphy?"

"Thirty miles up wire. He can't get back till Monday. Get a move on, now. Hayden's wife's nearly crazy."

At that Pittie's befuddled memory grew clear. Back came the memory of that last stab to his self-respect.

"I'm not going," he said, setting his jaw. "I don't care if Hayden's in the torments of hell. I'm not going near him" .

"Don't be a fool, Pitt," one of the men said soothingly. "You ain't goin' back on Hayden now when he needs you after what he done for you."

"I'm not going," he said, but there was wavering in his tone.

"Yes, you are." Ike had him by the arm now and was leading him to the door.

"What good can I do him if he's dying?" Pittie asked peevishly. "I'm not the Lord Almighty."

But he went, which was the important thing; went stumbling thru the snow, sobered entirely now by the cold air, shivering with reaction and physical nausea. At the door of the Crystal Pharmacy he stopped.

"I can't go in there," he protested. "Hayden kicked me out, I tell you."

The door opened and Anne appeared.

"Come in," she said hoarsely; "he's still alive."

And then Pittie saw his soul in all its nakedness and smallness, and was ashamed.

He followed her, thru the dark of the store, into the lamplight beyond. There were people there, standing and sitting around, uncomfortable in their inability to help; and permeating everything was a strong odor of boiling coffee.

On the bunk in the corner, where the lamplight shone full on his face, Hayden was lying, deathly white, his eyes wide, black, intelligent. Pittie saw a malignant gleam in them as he crossed the room. Anne followed, and stood beside him as he looked down at the injured man. Pittie summoned the wreck of his professional manner.

"When did it happen?" he asked, watching the faint pulsation of the artery in Hayden's neck.

It leaped, fluttered, and stopped, leaped again and stopped. No feeling of the wrist pulse was required to know that things were desperate.

"At noon. They have been looking for you ever since. It is 8 now." There was no reproach in her voice; only hopelessness.

"He's paralyzed," she went on in the same inflectionless voice—"paralyzed from the waist. But he is conscious."

Together they got Hayden over on his side and Pittie examined the injury.

If the examination was torture the patient gave no sign—but there were cold beads of sweat on the back of the hand Anne held, and she leaned over and put her cheek to it. When Pittie straightened up he avoided her eyes.

"Oh, he'll be all right," he said loudly, that his voice might penetrate the mist that clouded Hayden's intellect. "You might put some hot-water jugs at his feet—not too hot, or you'll blister him."

"He wouldn't feel it if we did." Anne was not for a moment deceived.

There was motion in the room; some one went for empty jugs. Pittie took advantage of the shifting to slip out. The pharmacy was dark and cold. He sat down on the board counter and stared straight before him. It was very cold; his fingers were blue and drawn; now and then he shivered.

Things grew quiet in the next room, and still he sat there. From somewhere in the blotted-out pages of his life were coming bits of old college lectures, scraps from his surgeries, memories of long-forgotten clinics. And meeting and opposing them was the innate cowardice of a small soul called to a great emergency.

After a while Anne came in; she closed the door behind her and stood there, the faint light striking the gray streak in her hair.

"Are you going to do it?" she asked, after a moment. Pittie did not ask her how she knew. Somehow it was natural that Anne should know.

"I can't. I can't do it, Anne."

"Why?" she persisted. "It's his only chance, isn't it? You wouldn't sit by and let him die, would you? Pittie, you couldn't do that, could you?"

She had put her hand on his arm, but he shook it off

"Why should I do it?" he asked defiantly. "How has he treated me? My God, Anne——"

"That's not the reason, Pittie." It seemed as tho in the obscurity she read his soul. "Is it—is it——"

Pittie dropped his head in his hands.

"Yes," he said, and choked. "It's the same old thing, Anne. I'm afraid to do it—afraid. I'm a coward—you've always known it."

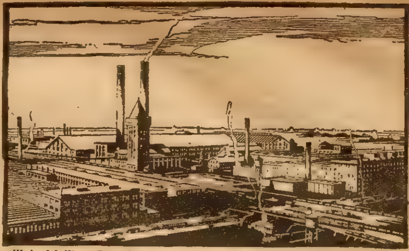
"The bravest men are those who do the things they are afraid to do," she said, and went toward the door. Then she turned. "I love him, you know, Pittie, and he is all I have left."

Then she closed the door behind her and Pittie was left alone. After a while he took out his instrument-case and went over its contents in the dark.

There were the artery clips, the tiny straight-bladed scalpel, the scissors, and the probe.

"With a layout like that," he groaned. "Without a soul to give the anesthetic, without a book to read up by a fellow

(Concluded on Page 22.)



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# The Swallow Flies

## By Joseph Faus

**MATING season was at hand. And Mignon, the swallow, in a strange street, was lonesome, lonesome . . . From her perch on a slender limb of a sycamore tree, she looked across to where Billy Spreckles, a Man swallow, sat in the sun, vaingloriously preening his pretty feathers. And Mignon sighed. Oh, she was lonesome, lonesome . . .**

"WHY all the racket?" flippantly queried young Fletcher, the shipping clerk, to Parsons, the accountant, pointing to the closed door labeled, "RICHARD MORGAN—PRIVATE"—a door which failed to keep within its portals the unpleasant sounds of words, hot and angry, of the sudden scrape of a chair, of the occasional smack of a fist on a smooth surface.

Parsons looked up from his books, grinning.

"Oh," he said, "that's only Richard Senior and Richard Junior. They're having one of their periodical congenial chats."

"Huh!" rather enviously sniffed young Fletcher. "What's it to be this time—an Efficient Eight or a Palace Yacht? Gosh, how that kid can pull the old man!"

From a nearby desk, Miss Simpson, an angular, be-spectacled and prim-appearing stenographer, glanced up.

"If you mean to imply," she said snippily to the shipping clerk, "that Mr. Richard is requesting his father for more money, why, you're wrong."

"What's it then, Sweetness?" curiously and with saccharine tone asked Fletcher, ensconcing himself on the corner of the woman's desk.

"If Mr. Harmon should come in— severely began she, flushing at the youth's bold position.

"Hang the foreman!" warmly retorted the other. "He's out to the factory, anyway," he finished up, grinning; and added, "Come, dearie, tell us all about it. Why all the loud noise?"

"Well, well," hesitatingly began the stenographer, as if she were about to divulge an important confidence, "Mr. Richard Junior, you see, wants to marry Miss Harrison."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Parsons, his chair nearly falling over.

"Geewhilikens'" articulated young Fletcher, his eyes opened in wide surprise.

"He wants to marry Miss Harrison, the old man's private secretary?" repeated Parsons incredibly.

"The kid to hitch up with a hireling?" rather awefully whispered the shipping clerk.

"I—I happened to overhear something the other day," blushingly offered Miss Simpson in explanation. "That's how I knew."

Just then an extra-loud, "You'll never do it!" came from behind the sacred door.

Young Fletcher grinned.

"I wonder," he said reflectively to the door.

"——if he'll do it," finished up Parsons, addressing the same inanimate object.

"What I'm wondering," pedantically proffered the old maid typist, "is this: Is Mr. Richard Senior mad because he doesn't want his boy to marry, or because he may lose his invaluable secretary, or because he would acquire as a daughter-in-law a, a——"

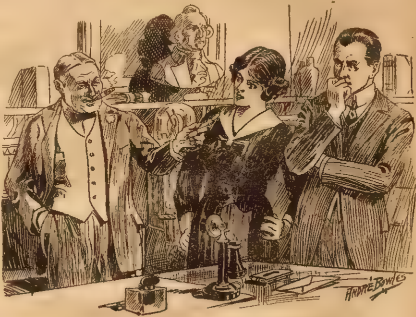
"Say it," encouraged Parsons, smiling.

"——a member of the bourgeois, the hoi polloi, the great unwashed," friskily finished Miss Simpson.

And all three laughed.

(Even a Man swallow has eyes for others beside himself. Eventually, Billy Spreckles, seeing the lonely and beautiful Mignon, gracefully flew over the tree. Boldly he sidled up.

"Let's see," he said as if reflectively, while Mignon shyly glanced up, "haven't I met you somewhere before.")



"You Got to Get Up Early to Beat an Old Bird Like Me."

"WHY not settle this matter in a dignified, businesslike manner?" suggested Miss Harrison, the invaluable private secretary, to the two men. "There's no need of loud talk. We can discuss, not argue."

Richard Morgan, Junior, a clean-cut and handsome youth, devotion shining from his eyes, silently nodded acquiescence to his sweetheart's proposal.

Richard Morgan, Senior, began again aloud, "But——"

"Please, oh please," sweetly begged his comely secretary.

"Aw, Guvn'r," deprecatingly put in the boy, grinning.

Like a cornered tiger, the elder man turned on his son.

"Stop! I've had enough of this tommyrot! I don't want you to marry—beside Miss Harrison can't! I've her signed pledge."

"We'll break the contract," calmly announced Richard Junior.

"You're overzealous," sarcastically returned his father. Then turning to the young lady, he queried, "Isn't that so?"

"Not overzealous," that person defended, "but a bit wrong, perhaps."

Richard Junior was mildly disconcerted. His fiancee sat staring thoughtfully at the floor. Richard Senior grunted, and spoke in a more genial vein.

"Well, folks, we may as well settle this matter peacefully." He took up a cigar, lighted it. Then elaborated.

"It appears to me that you two would be resigned to the inevitable. It's very apparent that I have the whip hand. You got to get up early to beat an old bird like me." He grinned triumphantly at the disconsolate pair. "Twenty-five years ago," he continued, "I lost the best business secretary in the country—because she married. Ten years ago the girl I had carefully and tediously trained to fill her place, also acquired the insane germ; she eloped with my star salesman. Well, the third girl, too, fell for the same stuff. That was five years ago, and I said to myself, 'Never again!' There's no use talking. A woman can't be married and hold a responsible business position at the same time. You can't mix domesticity and business no more than you can an Irishman and a Jew. They don't—that's all. So I fixed up a plan. Then you came along, Miss Harrison. And the first thing you did was to sign this agreement. That right?" Richard Senior beamed benignly on her.

Miss Harrison wretchedly nodded her pretty head. Richard Junior groaned to himself.

The elder man grinned and continued: "I'm a very businesslike man, I am, 'Twas a neat trick, if I do say so. Eh? You signing up for ten years and agreeing not to marry within that time. Ha, ha! You've been with me five years, Miss Harrison, and you've helped wonderfully. Many's the time I've run off to Florida, or on a hunting trip, or out to my country place, leaving you in entire charge—always confident that you'd never fail me. You never did; you were invaluable—that's all. By golly, Miss Harrison, rather than lose you as my secretary I'd sign over one-third of my business to you! Not that I've any particular grudge against Richard there—he's a good chap, as boys nowadays go—but I'd prefer that he not marry yet. Now, you two just wait out those other five years, and then if you still think the same, why go to it. But meanwhile——!"

"Meanwhile," sadly and with eloquent inadequacy moaned Richard Junior as his father paused.

"Ditto," feebly smiled the understanding Miss Harrison, and sent her love-boy a look of adoration and consolation and, maybe, hope.

("Just to think," fondly murmured Mignon, pressing her pretty head against Billy Spreckles' soft breast feathers, "that I may not have ever seen you!"

"All the cats in the world, all the diverse winds of the heavens," lovingly philosophized the devoted swain, "could not keep my own away from me!" And he lightly touched her bill with his.

"You know what," confessed Mignon, snuggling closer still, "one of those cats may have got me not long ago had it not been for a woman person."

"To think of it!" echoed Billy Spreckles in surprised horror. Then, "Please tell me."

"A boy person threw a stone," Mignon explained, "and hit my leg—broke it. And I was on the ground crying with all my might when I saw a cat approaching. I tried and tried to fly or hop away, but couldn't. And then, just before the cat could get me, this woman person came along. And she cried, seeing me, and wrapped me up in a soft, smelly cloth, then took me home with her. She set and healed my leg. Look, it's all straight and well now." Mignon stuck out a slim little limb. "I'll never forget her," she added affectionately. "She had on a blue hat with a long, black feather in it."

"Well," chirped Billy Spreckles, "that was decent of her. "Let's go now and find material for, for—our nest!" He ruffled his head-feathers to hide his blushes

"Let's," agreed Mignon, flushing happily.)

"I'D BE willing," offered the invaluable secretary, raising her head after brief contemplation, "to give you three hours of my time each day."

"That's noble of you!" warmly broke in Richard Junior.

"You selfish parasite!" exclaimed Richard Senior to his embarrassed son.

"But I'd make up the remaining time," proposed the boy.

"You don't possess the capability," frankly returned Richard Senior, "tho already you're exhibiting some of your father's wise traits," proudly.

"You egotistic papa!" said Richard Junior, grinning withal affectionately. "But I was serious, really."

"Yes, I believe you," answered his father, "but Miss Harrison's the only one save myself that understands the inner workings of the Morgan machine of business. It took years for her to learn. And I tell you it'd be hard, deucedly hard, to lose her—the fruit of my long

(Continued on Page 23.)

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| 32x3½ | 6.45 | 1.60 | 35x4½ | 9.25 | 2.75 |
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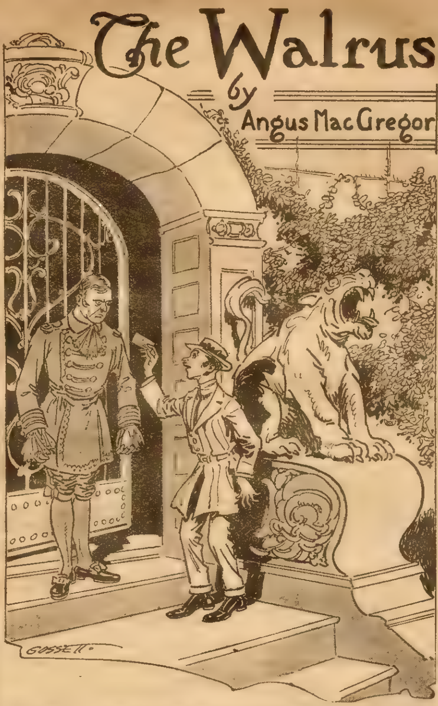
# The Walrus

## by Angus MacGregor



He Thrust Out a Square of Cardboard to the Dignitary Who Barred the Way.

THE summer home of James K. McClure sat well back from the road. It was a heavy granite affair that seemed to symbolize the personality of its owner, from its round granite turrets to the heavy basement on the shore side. Possibly the architect had tried to create in stone a symbol of the owner, whose whims even were of national importance. Certainly, whether by design or accident, he had succeeded well.

Not so successful had been the sculptor of the two stone lions that guarded the approach to the winding drive. Lions they were intended for, but they looked more like two gigantic walruses, baldheaded and whiskered, menacing the gateway.

Before these two figures Horace Halsey paused, uneasily, and took a crumpled telegram from his pocket. He had taken out that telegram so many times during the day that he had nearly worn the creases thru. He knew its contents by heart, but he fished it out once more, as if to find inspiration and courage in its purple capitals. Again he read:

> Horace Halsey,
> Rocky Point Herald,
> Rocky Point, Maine:
> See James K. McClure regarding effect naval controversy on morale naval personnel; get good story.
> CURTIS, New York Planet

There were two others, supplementary, not as much worn, but causing as much uneasiness.

> Wire McClure interview early as possible. Will hold two columns, first page. Also wire immediately number words expected.
> CURTIS dpr xc 11 am.

> Why don't you come thru with that McClure interview? Wire reply at once.
> CURTIS. dpr 2 pm.

The stone walruses leered at him maliciously. Drops of sweat stood out on Halsey's thinning temples as he tried to nerve himself for the ordeal.

He remembered all too vividly the tales they told around the resort of McClure's unreasoning temper, his imperious irascibility, his unfathomable eccentricities. He had chased a collector for one of the pseudo-charitable organizations up that winding driveway. The solicitor, who had managed to keep but two jumps ahead of him, did not dare to go back after his hat.

He had caught an unscrupulous tradesman who had been splitting commissions with his cook, and had thrown him, neck and crop, into the salt water bathing pool by the shore.

He had objected to the quality of the eggs furnished him, and had bombarded a dairyman clear to the street with henfruit whose odor somewhat justified his wrath.

Such a character was old James K. McClure, multimillionaire director of a dozen corporations, owner of three metropolitan dailies in as many cities, picturesque and rugged figure in politics and in Wall Street. It had remained for Curtis, managing editor of the New York Planet, to send inoffensive Horace Halsey to interview the great man on the touchiest and most explosive political bomb of the month.

The Rocky Point Herald, the struggling weekly for which Horace Halsey wrote editorials, collected news, and did about everything but set type, staggered feebly thru the morass of unpaid subscriptions, dubious advertising contracts, paper shortage and mechanical breakdowns. It was a herculean task to take in subscriptions and advertising enough to meet the pay roll, pay for the newsprint, and hire plate matter. Halsey eked out his slender income from the paper by corresponding for the larger New York and Boston dailies.

The Planet was the best paying paper on Halsey's meager string. Had it not been for that, he would have thrown up the assignment altogether, even tho it meant the end of his connection with the daily. The thought of facing old James K. McClure sent cold shivers up and down his backbone. He had stalled along nearly all day, hoping against hope that the telegraph boy would bring an order countermanding the assignment. He could not afford to lose the Planet's monthly check. At last he had picked up his hat, and walked the mile

(Continued on Page 24.)

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*Love Develops Under Strange Conditions Sometimes; as in the Romance of*

# El Camino's Mystery Girl

## By Robert Ordney Foote

### Last Week's Installment Condensed

The theft of his horse aroused Captain Bill's frontier hatred of a horsethief, but the safety of the girl remained paramount. So, when one of her mozos came riding up the captain's first question was, "Where is Senorita Cranford?" The mozo didn't know. The senorita had been kidnaped by Pedro Lopez and Mason had been wounded by a shot from the Mexican. The captain set out in search of the supposed helpless ranchman.

He came upon some men sprawled about a blazing fire. They proved to be Vivien Carston, the Englishman, and his party, Tom Mason, whose wound was not serious, he said, and Pedro Lopez. The latter was the Englishman's prisoner, but he would not confess the whereabouts of Miss Cranford. The Mexican was charged with abduction, murder and other offenses and a court of justice was set up to try him. Pedro insisted that the girl had fought with him and escaped. He was convicted and sentenced to be shot, but his execution was deferred on his solemn promise to lead them where the girl would be found alive and well. "Lord Chauncey" remained with the mozos, and Captain Bill and Mason left camp with Pedro leading the way.

The story began in No. 45 the Ledger for Nov. 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

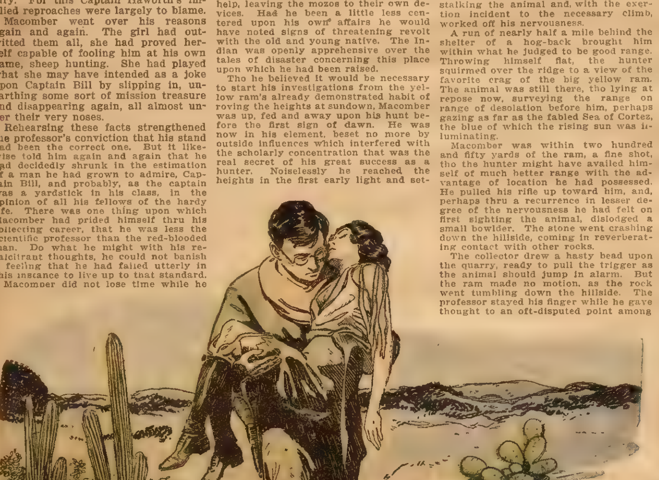
### CHAPTER XVII.

NONE of the satisfaction which he had expected, was the lot of Professor Grant Macomber as he saw the doughty Captain Bill departing from Santa Maria. The last obstacle to his big-game collecting was removed, and thru the chain of circumstances in which he had become involved he had been brought to a hunting ground far superior to any he had expected to find. But as he told himself these familiar facts, they failed to bring any sense of delight.

In fact, the professor felt distinctly let down. Tho he had refused to admit it, even to himself, there had been a certain pleasurable feeling in picturing himself as a rescuing knight. His final triumph of good-sense and refusal longer to pose in that heroic role brought only a feeling of lack of chivalry. For this Captain Haworth's implied reproaches were largely to blame.

Macomber went over his reasons again and again. The girl had outwitted them all, she had proved herself capable of fooling him at his own game, sheep hunting. She had played what she may have intended as a joke upon Captain Bill by slipping in, unearthing some sort of mission treasure and disappearing again, all almost under their very noses.

Rehearsing these facts strengthened the professor's conviction that his stand had been the correct one. But it likewise told him again and again that he had decidedly shrunk in the estimation of a man he had grown to admire, Captain Bill, and probably, as the captain was a yardstick in his class, in the opinion of all his fellows of the hardy life. There was one thing upon which Macomber had prided himself thru his collecting career, that he was less the scientific professor than the red-blooded man. Do what he might with his recalcitrant thoughts, he could not banish a feeling that he had failed utterly in this instance to live up to that standard.



The Next Instant He Was Picking Up in His Arms the Exhausted Form of Constance Cranford.

Macomber did not lose time while he was thus cogitating. In a fever to work off the strange agitation, he superintended the removal of his effects to the old mission building proper and the establishment of something resembling a permanent camp there. This was in the face of almost open rebellion from Enrique and Alfredo, his mozos, who remonstrated volubly that he would ruin his hunt by thus tempting the gods of bad luck, who were known to infest the place.

Late in the afternoon, still in a most dissatisfied frame of mind, Macomber climbed up on the heights. Ostensibly he was searching for sheep, but his powerful glasses were turned, at the first opportunity, upon the full view of the spreading Llanos. The distance was too great for him to catch any sight of his recent companion.

It was near dusk, as the professor was returning to camp, that he received his only reward of the day. The last rays of the yellow sun, as upon his first arrival here, were making golden the peaks of the forbidding, rocky hills. The same light, perhaps, made golden the fleece of a yellow ram of huge horns, which Macomber espied perched on a crag not a half mile away. It was too dark for a successful shot. The man could only stand and watch the creature move majestically out of sight.

Was it yellow or was that but an illusion? All Macomber's hunting blood was afire. Here was a prize the capture of which would enable him to make peace with himself. With such a specimen, he could afford to forget his collecting. Standing in the half dusk, he made a convenant with himself. When he had shot that ram he would again join in the will-o'-the-wisp chase of Miss Constance Cranford until he was sure she was safely out of the land of thirst. Until then he was consecrated to his vocation.

Elated by his decision, Macomber found occupation enough for the evening in planning the campaign against the big yellow ram. The thing to do, he told himself out of past experience, was to study the beast's habits and then stalk him alone. Alfredo, his Mexican boy, had already shown his inaptitude as an assistant and the old native was likely to be even worse. Macomber would carry on his endeavors with no help, leaving the mozos to their own devices. Had he been a little less centered upon his own affairs he would have noted signs of threatening revolt with the old and young native. The Indian was openly apprehensive over the tales of disaster concerning this place upon which he had been raised.

Tho he believed it would be necessary to start his investigations from the yellow ram's already demonstrated habit of roving the heights at sundown, Macomber was up, fed and away upon his hunt before the first sign of dawn. He was now in his element, beset no more by outside influences which interfered with the scholarly concentration that was the real secret of his great success as a hunter. Noiselessly he reached the heights in the first early light and settled himself with his binoculars, waiting to search the peaks for sign of sheep and particularly for a ram whose spreading horns proclaimed him a king of his kind and whose yellow hue would show him unique among the specimens with which the scientist was familiar.

The professor had small hope of seeing the animal on this first reconnoissance, for experience in other lands had been shown the extreme wariness of the big horn ram who reached full maturity, a caution that probably accounted for the animal's survival. Here in this lonely section of Lower California, of course, none but native hunters had preyed upon the mountain sheep, and the native is notoriously lazy, even in his pursuit of food. It was a factor that the professor counted in favor of the possibility of early success. Prepared for a long hunt, one perhaps requiring several weeks, he told himself nevertheless that a lucky shot might bring the desired result in as many days.

But Macomber was not prepared for the sight which greeted his eyes when first he focussed with his glasses upon the crag where the night before had stood the lordly ram. There was the animal again, this time gazing to the east, with all the devotional attention of the sun worshiper he seemed.

The hunter's hands shook so that he could scarcely replace the glasses in their case, seize his rifle and, watching for moments when the ram's head was not turned toward him, slip out of sight behind bowlders. Was he, an experienced big game hunter, to become the variest buck-fever tyro at this unexpected luck? Sternly, Macomber concentrated upon the course he must pursue in stalking the animal and, with the exertion incident to the necessary climb, worked off his nervousness.

A run of nearly half a mile behind the shelter of a hog-back brought him within what he judged to be good range. Throwing himself flat, the hunter squirmed over the ridge to a view of the favorite crag of the big yellow ram. The animal was still there, tho lying at repose now, surveying the range on range of desolation before him, perhaps gazing as far as the fabled Sea of Cortez, the blue of which the rising sun was illuminating.

Macomber was within two hundred and fifty yards of the ram, a fine shot, tho the hunter might have availed himself of much better range with the advantage of location he had possessed. He pulled his rifle up toward him, and, perhaps thru a recurrence in lesser degree of the nervousness he had felt on first sighting the animal, dislodged a small bowlder. The stone went crashing down the hillside, coming in reverberating contact with other rocks.

The collector drew a hasty bead upon the quarry, ready to pull the trigger as the animal should jump in alarm. But the ram made no motion, as the rock went tumbling down the hillside. The professor stayed his finger while he gave thought to an oft-disputed point among hunters, many of whom maintain that all bighorn rams are deaf. Those of this faction assert that the rams rupture their eardrums in fighting, when they butt their heads together, and that they go thru remaining life without the sense of hearing. Another element among mountain sheep hunters maintain that the reason a ram will often pay no attention to a rifle shot in the distance, or to rolling stones, is that he has become so accustomed to falling stones that unless they are near enough to mean instant danger, he had come to disregard them entirely.

Macomber struggled for an instant between two conflicting emotions, those of the hunter and the scientist. Should he immediately bag this specimen or should he give further test to the hearing controversy? Science won. The man withdrew back of the hog-back, approached a hundred yards nearer and again peered over. The yellow ram was stationary where he had been seen before. But now his head was turned a little, not toward the spot where Macomber lay; merely a little in that direction. The hunter knew the power of the mountain sheep eye; knew that the head did not need to move, that only the twist of the eye at any motion here would be sufficient to put the yellow ram on the alert. It was no minute to experiment in the hearing question. Cautiously, Macomber drew up his rifle, but slowly, as he pushed the barrel out before him, the action constituted a motion sufficiently distinct to send the signal of danger which the falling rock had failed to convey.

Quickly as the professor brought the gun into position, he was not faster than his game. The bighorn was on his feet, bounding, it seemed, straight toward him, for the animal had to get off his projecting ledge. As fast as magazine gun could be worked, Macomber barked out its message of death. He was a sure shot. The big yellow ram jumped higher in the air than, probably, ever he had before, and lay, a crumpled, kicking mass of flesh, upon the rocks. Macomber rushed to him, sent in the last needed bullet that would end the suffering life. It was almost with a hand of sorrow that the man fired. Never had he taken animal life as regretfully as he had killed this monarch of Santa Maria.

It was indeed a "yellow" ram that the collector had bagged, a tawny, dark shade that even out of the sunlight preserved its right to the color designation. The wool was, like that of most desert sheep, more conspicuous by its absence than its presence, for the animal of the hot mountains adapted himself to his environment. The horns did not belie their distant magnificence—on measuring them Macomber found them sixteen inches about at the base, a huge size for the desert sheep tho surpassed in the Northern varieties.

Several hours were required for the measuring and skinning of the animal and the removal of shin bones and skull. Placing the rest of the carcass as well as he could out of the sight of buzzards or the prowlings of coyotes, Macomber shouldered his heavy pack and started the long return to his camp, bitterly regretting now that he had not brought the Indian along for just such an eventuality.

But who could have surmised that success would come so soon and so easily in this pursuit to which the collector had committed himself only the evening before? As he reflected on his promise to himself, that he would delay here only long enough to get the yellow ram, Macomber experienced a little shudder of the uncanny, as if the "spirits" of Santa Maria were affecting him as they had his men.

His helloes as he approached camp brought no help and Macomber stumbled on, with impatience that the Indians should not respond. Nearer approach evoked no answer to his calls and finally he stumbled into the old mission ruins to find the explanation of the silence.

Two of the three burros which were left to Macomber after the departure of Captain Bill stood tethered close at hand. A third one, which was the property of Enrique, was gone. All three had been free to graze before the professor had left on his hunt. All Macomber's possessions were heaped carefully together. The provisions had been piled up, but they had dwindled, one-half were gone. To lend final explanation to all these things, a rude arrow of rocks had been laid out beside the camino, pointing back to the north, the direction of the homes of Enrique and Alfredo.

Those natives could not write but they had made plain that they had left this place. Their careful abstainance from robbery showed they wished the departure to be accepted peacefully. The fear of the evil ones of Santa Maria, Macomber was not slow to realize, had caused the desertion. He had been too blind the night before to the discontent of the mozos.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

IT WAS characteristic of Grant Macomber that having committed himself to a project, minor hindrances could not deter him from it. In the light of his quick success in his collecting, where he had anticipated long delays, and of the prospects of more sheep, it surely appeared, he reflected, foolish for him, a man without a guide, to join so tardily in Captain Haworth's expedition in search of damsels in possible distress.

But having made up his mind that he would do this very thing, the professor hesitated not at all over carrying out his decision. The matter of a few mozos or the prospect of trying to cross alone the faintly marked trails of the Llanos de Santa Maria were of small consequence. In thoro preparation he made ready his specimens for packing on the backs of one of his burros.

On the other he proposed to put his personal outfit and supplies, including such a liberal allowance of water as would make necessary the abandonment of many less vital articles. A less determined man might have left the skins and skulls of the earlier secured specimens because of the better one which had been obtained, but such a course was not for Professor Macomber. He did not kill wantonly nor for the love of the chase, great as that was with him.

Thus prepared, Macomber drove his burros forth before him early on the morning of the second day after the departure of Captain Bill. For a while the camino would be familiar to him thru his recent traversing it. He made only slow time, as was to be expected, nor was he in any hurry. He did not anticipate meeting again with Captain Bill until he had covered the long, long way to Calamyget, where the American had mining interests.

Twice on his first day, Macomber stopped, hobbled his burros and attempted unsuccesfully to stalk bands of antelope. When night overtook him he had covered not nearly the distance made by him and Captain Bill to the place where Pedro had been encountered. Sparing in his use of his water, the professor reflected with satisfaction that even at this slow rate he would have enough to last him entirely across the dry land to the water holes beyond.

His second day's march, with more visions of antelope in the distance, determined the hunter that he must add one or two of these to his collection. Could he achieve that he would have fully accomplished the ends which had brought him to this land, despite the many interruptions. All day Macomber watched for his opportunity, for his hunting sense told him that in a land where antelope were still as plentiful as here, it was only a matter of a little time until a band would approach near enough that stalking would be possible.

Late in the afternoon his confidence was justified. On a ridge scarcely half a mile away he saw a buck and several doe antelope, staring at his advancing burros, even appearing out in full vision as they gratified their curiosity. Leaving the pack animals to their own diversions, Macomber struck up onto a little elevation, appearing cautiously, with both his rifle and his coat grasped in his hands. All his hunting life he had wanted to test the story that antelope may be attracted to within gun range by waving objects. Here was his first opportunity.

Setting the rifle where he could quickly grasp it, the professor began a regular waving of his coat above his head, meanwhile alert to the effect it was producing. Results were not entirely satisfactory. The distant game undeniably was interested in this strange manifestation. With signs of nervousness they assumed more sightly spots from which to watch, but as for coaxing them nearer, all the professor's efforts were in vain.

So intent was the man in watching the animals on the ridge that it was quite a little while before he noticed that his waving was attracting something else that was crawling toward him among the cacti and sand. When he did see the object, it was to drop the coat abruptly and seize his gun to draw a bead before this thing, whatever it might be, could vanish.

Macomber's first thought, as he sighted along the barrel, was that a lion, or puma, from the mountains had strayed down onto the lowlands and was about to attack him. Perhaps it was the dread mountain lion of Santa Maria, ancient tales of which had led his mozos to desert so unceremoniously.

But one glance along that rifle barrel for some vital part of the approaching creature at which to aim, caused Macomber to jump to his feet, dropping his gun on the ground for the first time in his life. He raced wildly across the two hundred yards of desert intervening between himself and that which had so excited him. The next minute he was picking up in his arms the exhausted form of Constance Cranford.

It was a terribly altered Miss Cranford from the young woman who had so jauntily assured him at the Mexican border town of her ability to take care of herself. Her clothes were torn almost from her body, her face lacerated with the marks of a terrific struggle, her arm and legs cruelly scratched from the cacti among which she had crawled, her eyes big with suffering. She uttered but one word, "Water!"

In his arms the powerful professor carried the girl to his waiting burros, there to make her as comfortable as his rough equipment permitted, while he administered in small doses the water which the girl's whole system so craved. Carefully he picked the splinters from her hands, arms and ankles and bathed the swollen face with the precious fluid.

Then, while the girl slept, Prof. Grant Macomber, performed what was for a scientist like himself the greatest act of real sacrifice that was possible. From his burro bearing the specimens he removed the precious results of his few days of hunting, and without a single manifestation of regret, perched them high up in the bend of a giant cactus where there was a certain amount of protection.

Luckily, the man had in discarding part of his equipment at the mission chosen to abandon a pack saddle and retain in its stead his riding saddle, lashing the specimens to the latter. He had done this in the thought that further on in his travels it would be easy to buy another saddle mule, but that riding saddles were hard to obtain in this land Now, it seemed in that fatalistic humor which was forced upon him, that this happy chance was but of a piece with the entire sequence of recent events which had led him so surely to the rescue of this girl.

Only arousing herself occasionally with requests for more water, the girl slept the entire night. The professor himself dozed but infrequently beside the fire he maintained in the hope that it might attract the other members of her party, for he could only surmise as to what had occurred to bring the capable Miss Cranford to this pass.

WITH morning came a return of memory to the girl. She recognized Macomber, called him by name and attempted to explain what had happened to her. At first the man tried to prevent the narrative, fearing that its telling would be too great a strain upon the girl, but when he found that not to acquaint him with the facts was making her more nervous than would the telling, he allowed her to go on.

"It was Pedro," were her first words.

Pedro! Professor Macomber experilenced a great sense of personal responsibility. Perhaps, if he had accompanied Captain Bill in the hasty pursuit of that Mexican this would not have occurred.

"Mason had gone hunting," the girl continued, fragmentarily.

"Mason!" Here was new surprise. Macomber did not know of Mason's having been with the girl. She noted his surprise and realized that this man knew absolutely nothing of her movements, close touch tho she had kept on his. But that was too long a tale to tell how. She proceeded with the meat of it.

"Pedro seized me, when I was alone on the desert. He took me to where he had hid his pack horses and there he promised to release me if I would give him my gold or tell him what I had done with it. I had no gold, but he thought I had dug some up at the old mission. He threatened to kill me if I would not tell. I fought with him and managed to run away into the desert. But I was so exhausted that when I hid myself I sank into a stupor. I must have slept.

"Yesterday I was so exhausted that I could hardly walk and I did not know which way to go. I wandered everywhere in circles, I suppose, suffering from thirst. In the distance I saw a horseman ride by, but I was too weak to attract his attention. It was Captain Bill and I know he must have been looking for me. Then later in the day I saw your signals. At first I thought they were to me and I was so glad. That was why I dared to move and let you see me. But when you took up your gun—oh, I thought it was Pedro again and he was going to shoot me down like an animal. I must have gone unconscious, for when I awoke to anything again you were giving me water."

She become silent and Macomber gave her a little more of the liquid. It seemed to him that never had action in his long, rule-of-thumb existence given him quite the same thrill that was his in ministering to this girl. Where he had seen no charm in her self-reliance which had been such an attraction to the other men with whom she came in contact, he found her utter dependence upon him in this hour of her need something almost holy. The girl spoke again:

"My independence has been as badly torn as my clothes, I guess. Will you care for me until we can get to a place where I can be sent out of this country?"

"Where were you going?" the professor asked.

"To San Ignacio. But that does not matter now."

"We will go to San Ignacio," Macomber announced with finality.

The girl was much concerned over Mason. She believed he must have been found, else why would Captain Bill have been heading off across the desert. But she had seen him fall at the shots from Pedro and her fear was great that he had been killed. The professor, still in the dark for the salient facts of this

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And, besides, she has soft brown hair that you can comb and curl, and the cutest little dress that you can take off and put on. Won't it be heaps of fun to waken Betty Blue Eyes from her sleep, spank her if she cries (for she really can cry out loud), and then get her all ready to take a walk?

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Christmas will soon be here, but there is plenty of time to send and get Betty Blue Eyes so you can have her by Christmas morning if you will ACT QUICK! You can do the small favor we ask of you in a couple of hours or less, and it won't cost you a cent.

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drama in which he had been chiefly an unwitting actor, promised her that a thoro search should be made for Mason when the spot of the encounter with Pedro, which he judged could not be far beyond, was reached.

As Macomber assisted Miss Cranford to the burro's back upon their departure, the girl noticed the unusual bundle in the giant cactus.

"What is that?" she asked curiously.

"Only some old hides. They are of no value," Macomber replied. The words were sincere. Such was the valuation he now placed upon his previously cherished trophies.

More than once during the long march which ensued, requiring two days, Macomber blessed the forethought that had caused him to provide so liberally of water, to the exclusion of other articles which at camp might have seemed of greater value. As it was, he was forced thruout the last day to deny himself any of the precious liquid, a fact that he believed he successfully concealed from his companion.

Yet, despite its trials, the journey was the most delightful of Macomber's long experience in the wild places. He frankly admitted to himself it was because for the first time in his maturity he relaxed into a natural human being, allowing his emotions a little expression. Stated with less complication, the professor found himself a victim of love in its more virulent form. The delays incident to the vain search for Mason he welcomed because they prolonged his time of companionship with this girl, which he feared would be interrupted when something approaching Lower California civilization was reached. The thirst he underwent on the last day's march into Calamyget was a sacrifice which he but too happily endured for the sense of service to her he admired, which it gave him.

During the trip Macomber was put in possession of all the facts concerning the girl's mission in this barren land. Unreservedly she poured out her story, her hopes, her desire now to atone for what she felt selfishness by at least looking to the condition of the relatives so strangely thrust upon her by the discovery of her grandfather's journal. Into all her moods, the professor fell as readily as might a lovesick boy. He found himself hopelessly reversed from his former scoffing attitude.

## CHAPTER XIX.

GREAT as were the apprehensions of Constance Cranford over the fate of Mason and Captain Bill, she was restrained in any expression of her anxiety on the trip with Macomber to Calamyget by realization that it was utterly impossible for him to care for her and also seek those whom the desert seemed to have swallowed up. At the little mining camp, however, the girl, who was fast returning to her normal condition of independence and self-confidence, insisted that an expedition, which she proposed to accompany, must at once start out to find Mason.

In his objections to such a plan Macomber found allies among the two or three young American mining engineers of the place. He volunteered to go himself but declared, with a slight return from his infatuated state to his annoyance, that this young woman must not again endanger herself. The girl was not as strong as she imagined herself. Her long period of thirst, and her battle with the desert had left her in such a condition that when she did attempt exercise she was compelled to acknowledge the force of the masculine arguments used against her plan. So with resignation she saw two parties of reliable native searchers, familiar with the country, sent out.

Even if it had not been the girl's desire and Macomber's pledge to go on to San Ignacio, such undoubtedly would have been their destination from Calamyget, which was at best but a rude, masculine town of the barren hills, totally unsuited as a spot for convalescence. She must be hurried on to delightful San Ignacio, the rose of the middle peninsula, the oasis in the desolation of Lower California. Such was the decision of her new friends.

YOU'LL GET RID OF BLACKHEADS SURE

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads and that is to dissolve them.

To do this get two ounces of calonite powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear, leaving the parts without any mark whatever. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions from the body that form in the pores of the skin. Pinching and squeezing only cause irritation, make large pores, and do not get the blackheads out after they become hard. The calonite powder and the water simply dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition. Anyone troubled with these unsightly blemishes should certainly try this simple method.

Macomber, regarded as her natural protector since he brought her in from the desert, was looked to to take her thither. The young scientist shrank a little from the trip. Despite the joy which in his heart he knew a journey in such companionship would bring him, he could not entirely banish the ideas of propriety which were left over to him from college days and never eliminated in his experiences with the wild. That he had found the girl in the desert and brought her across it was a requirement of the rugged land, surely not to be discountenanced. But to continue to travel with her, without a chaperon! Would she be willing? He felt an embarrassment in asking her, which he hesitated to intensify by putting the question, and in his perplexity began looking about for some other expedient to avoid such a situation.

Macomber was lucky enough to find it in the persons of Senor and Senora Casenave, of the higher class of peninsula Spanish who were about to leave their Calamyget properties for their home in San Ignacio. The Senora was loud in her sympathy with the pobre Americana who had suffered such terrible things and was equally exclamatory in regard to the courage of the young woman who had traveled about so alone. Like all native women, Senora Casenave never ventured far from home and such a trip as she was now making was a great event in her life.

Horses were placed at the disposal of the Americans by their new friends and they began an experience with the de luxe method of Lower California travel, which carried them over its mineral trails with the least possible amount of travail. To San Ignacio by burro would have required ten days, by horse it was half as far, with several stops at native rancheros where, as companions of the Casenaves, they found the traditional welcome of a Spanish-descended people awaiting them.

As she had regained strength on the burro ride out of the Llanos, Constance had told Macomber more of her Santa Maria adventure and the finding of her granfather's diary, but what it had contained regarding that worthy's Lower California romance she had withheld, with the thought that it was too sacred to tell any one. Indeed, she had regretted even reading it to Mason in the first flush of her excitement at the discovery.

Consequently, Professor Macomber was quite as surprised as the Casenaves appeared to be when, one day as they lunched by the camino, Miss Cranford made inquiry as to whether any one of the name of Ruiz lived at San Ignacio. He was also as much puzzled as was Constance when the reply which Senora Casenave started to make was hushed by her lord's interference in hastening to say:

"They are an old family. Is it not delightful for us to have formed such a congenial company on the way down? Many miles have I traveled on horseback in this, my native land, but never has there been a more enjoyable journey. I hope you are but the forerunners of more Americans. Tell me, senor, do you think America will ever seek really to acquire this land?"

The don's intention to change the subject was so open that it was almost insulting and so in contrast with his ordinary courtesy that Constance stared at him in frank amazement. She did not refer to the name Ruiz in his presence, but Macomber noticed her several times in deep conversation with Senora Casenave and surmised there was more than one way to obtain information from the family. As to what Miss Cranford could know of any one named Ruiz he was in the dark. It revived the air of mystery with which she had been surrounded upon their first unfortunate introduction. The disinclination of Senor Casenave to answer the girl's question he put down to the ashes of some ancient family feud.

The approach of San Ignacio is over a plain as desolate as any in the barren peninsula, which is perhaps, the reason for the never-failing charm which the place itself casts upon travelers. From the level of the apparently unending plain the land suddenly breaks downward into a great gulch, miles across, in which are waving palms and orderly orchards, a running brook and green meadows, red-tiled adobe houses of commanding size in many instances, and one of the most stately churches in Spanish America, an ancient mission.

A little place, as towns are judged in the great republic of the North, San Ignacio with its thousand inhabitants scattered about the fertile valley is almost a metropolis after the silences of the caminos one must cross to reach it. Loud were the exclamations of pleasure from the Americans and proud the smiles of the Casenaves as they saw that their beloved home had lived up to the extolling it had received on the trip hither. They were insistent that their hacienda must be made the headquarters of the visitors. Macomber, familiar thru his trips into Chihuahua with the sensitiveness of the high-caste natives, would have accepted instantly and was surprised that Miss Cranford appeared to hang back. A significant look exchanged between the two women before Constance signified the great pleasure such an arrangement would be, was not lost upon him. An explanation was to follow when they were left alone together for the first time that afternoon.

"You have done so many things for me, Professor Macomber, I wonder if I may presume to ask one more," Constance said, with the bewitching smile he had once feared and now courted.

So gallantly he could scarcely recognize the words as coming from himself and wondered if they sounded as silly as he would once have considered them, Macomber responded:

"To serve you has not become only my first aim, but my greatest pleasure."

"How contagious the flowery language of the Spaniard is," the girl commented, again with her smile. "Really, Professor, it is wonderful how you have come out of your shell. Or perhaps you never had one; perhaps I just imagined it, up there at the border." She hesitated a moment, but when Macomber made as if to speak she hastened on. "What I want to ask is if you you will accompany me to the hacienda of Don Sebastian Ruiz, who I understand is one of the big men of this section and who lives but a little way above. I do not like to go alone, yet I wish to see the don."

Recalling the incident of the camino, Macomber could readily see why he was chosen rather than Senor Casenave, who, perhaps, was not on good terms with this Ruiz. As in anything Miss Cranford could have asked, he assented quickly.

Don Sebastian Ruiz they found a surprising person for his environment. A well set up man in his vigorous 40s, he had the blue eyes so common with the Mexican upper classes high in Spanish blood. His English, when he discovered their nationality, was, except for a slight accent, as good as their own and far better than their Spanish. Professor Macomber introduced himself with a few words regarding the scientific mission which had brought him to Lower California, and which for the first time seemed comprehensible to a native. He then introduced Miss Cranford.

Don Sebastian's eyebrows went up for one fleeting second, but he greeted the girl with the deference of his people. A little embarrassed at the slight halt in the conversation while the don obviously awaited an explanation of that to which he was indebted for the honor, Miss Cranford blushed as she said:

"It is an impertinence, I realize, Don Sebastian, but I came to ask if by any chance you have any relatives by the name of Cranford," she said.

It was now Macomber's turn to raise his eyebrows. Was this the key to this girl's long journey, he wondered.

"I am not so fortunate as to have any relatives in your country," came the courteous reply.

"But I meant here, in Lower California. Are there no Cranfords here?" the girl persisted.

Ruiz seemed to ponder. It was an instant before he answered.

"I regret to say that the name is unfamiliar, at least in this section, and I do not recall it from farther south. Has senorita relatives here, then, that she seeks?"

"Yes," Constance answered. "I thought I had. Can you tell me if you know of any other of your own name who might, perhaps, enlighten me?"

"No. There are but myself and my daughter left of our family. Lower California has used us none too well."

"And you never hear your father or perhaps grandfather speak of a man named Phineas Cranford who once lived in San Ignacio?" The young woman leaned forward anxiously. Don Sebastian regarded her from beneath narrowed brows.

"No," he answered slowly. "I am sorry I cannot assist you. Was he a relative of yours?"

**When the reader recalls that it was the beautiful Senorita Guadalupe Ruiz that Constance's grandfather had married during the Mexican War, and that when driven from Lower California he was forced to leave his two motherless children with his father-in-law, Don Sebastian Ruiz, it now seems quite likely that Connie is pretty close to discovering some sort of blood relationship with the present Don Sebastian. The next installment concludes the story, and we presume the author will arrange it so all who have played their parts in the interesting narrative will get their merited rewards or their just deserts.**

* * *

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# The Copper Room

### (Continued From Page 7)

back to you soon, and then——"

For a delicious moment they were in each other's embrace—then Harry reluctantly strode through the door and into the night. Helen watched him as he disappeared in the gloom. If she had known under what circumstances she was to see him again, she would have run frantically after him and cried for him to come back.

In a few moments Harry was well on the way to his home. At a corner he stopped and purchased a newspaper from a boy, then hurried on. He glanced at the front page; near the bottom he noticed a heading:

PRISONER ESCAPES
ON WAY TO JAIL

Vincente Zac, Sentenced to Federal Penitentiary, Jumps From Window of Moving Train.

Harry smiled slyly to himself as he walked rapidly along. He wondered what Zac would think when he heard of the escape, when he was really still confined. He wondered mostly what the master of the organization would think—that mysterious man with white hair and pink eyes and a voice like a woman's. He recalled that not even the reporter of the newspaper was aware that the article was a clever concoction of Mogarty's. There was no way for the secret to get out. Evans thrust the newspaper into his pocket, turned in to his home, and in a few moments was busily engaged in his room.

He discarded his clothing and donned the apparel which Zac had worn when taken. He was very careful to note the number on Zac's metal tag—five-twelve. He pulled the cap over his eyes, then peered at himself in the mirror. Harry Evans gazed at the glass, but Vincente Zac glared back. The scar, the scanty mustache, all were perfect duplicates of Zac's. Harry looked at his image a long time in an effort to detect a defect. He found none.

"It is good," he said in a voice indistinguishable from the prisoner's. He smiled. The smile was Zac's. He shrugged his shoulders as it was Zac's habit to do, and accomplished the thing flawlessly. He stepped back from the mirror and drew from a pocket of the coat a folded sheet of paper:

> Number 512—
>
> Tomorrow morning, at a very early hour, you will break into the Evans Shoe Factory and hide yourself in the stationery closet in the inner office. You will remain there all day, continually hidden. When the opportunity presents itself, you will place on the man's desk the bottle of liquid which was given you with this note. When darkness comes again go from the closet, out of the factory, and come back to me. This is nothing serious, but it will advance you in my favor. The man knows too much for our—which means, your—good.
>
> If your efforts are successful, which I can determine by the newspapers, you will become an assistant of mine at a salary of $300 a week. Your two years' record stands you in good stead. Great things are coming, and you will be one to benefit. You are a good worker.
>
> When you finish this assignment, come to my house. I will be waiting for you. C.

Harry perceived that the note was written on a typewriter and on such paper as is continually used in a thousand business houses. He read the note again; for the twentieth time. Then he replaced it in his pocket and, extinguishing the light, walked from the room. The housekeeper had not paid attention to Harry's arrival, so Evans left without disturbing her.

The night was black as oblivion. Evans, as Zac, went to the corner and stood there a moment. To the house; to the house of the master; he pondered. Where was it? Zac had said a big house on a big street; Zac had been there but once, and he was not familiar with the location. How was the house to be found?

Harry directed his steps toward the district which usually sheltered those under the ban of the law. He passed the corner on which he had held up the man for his tag, weeks before. He walked with a foreign swing that characterized Zac. Harry strode along rapidly, as if he were sure of his destination.

He passed a dark alley; suddenly he heard a hissing whisper:

"Zac!"

Harry stopped and peered into the gloom-laden length of the alley. "Who is it?" he asked, with perfect duplication of Zac's accent.

"Zac! Come here!"

The pseudo Zac went into the alleyway willingly, but he saw no one. "Where is it you hide?"

"Here." A dark figure slipped from behind a refuse box and stepped allertly toward Zac.

"The master has got men all over the neighborhood looking for you," the dark figure informed Zac.

"That is good! He read in the paper that I got away?"

"Sure thing. You're a lucky wop! Come on, he wants to see you."

"We go to the master now?"

"Sure. You get to see him; I don't. I'm supposed to take you to one of his assistants. You get to go to his house, but not me."

"Some day, you too," said Zac, falling in with the man's stride.

"Say, maybe you don't think I hope so!" the man exclaimed hopefully.

They walked for many blocks without speaking. Zac noticed that they were directing their course toward one of the fashionable districts of the city. Presently they reached a dark street intersection.

"Here is where I leave you," Zac's companion informed. "Here's the fellow now."

A man who had been leaning against a tree came over to the pair. "Five-twelve, is it?" he inquired, peering at Zac.

"It is I," Zac replied

"What's yours?" demanded the man of Zac's companion.

"Three-forty," answered the other.

"All right. The master will hear of you."

Zac and the second man left the first reveling in elation. The two strolled along leisurely.

"No hurry," said the man. "Say, you're a brick! We thought you were gone for good. Maybe the master wasn't glad when you escaped!"

"I am just as glad!" exclaimed Zac.

"Sure. Now you got to be an assistant. The master likes you."

"I will serve the master faithfully," answered Zac.

They walked in silence; then: "Well, here we are."

The two paused before a magnificent mansion. It was located in the midst of one of the exclusive residence districts. The man walked up the steps and across a spacious veranda, with Zac following closely. The man pressed a push-button and a moment later a massive door swung open and disclosed the form of a groomed butler.

"What number?" queried the butler in a low voice.

"One-fifty-six," the man replied.

"Five-twelve," answered Zac quickly.

The butler stood to one side and the two men entered. "Step right inside this room," the butler invited Zac.

Zac stepped through a large collonade opening. The only light in the room came from a reading lamp standing on a massive table; by its rays Zac saw a man seated behind the table. As Zac entered the man arose and strode toward him. He was of frail build; his hand, as he held it out, was thin and scrawny. As Zac raised his eyes to the man's pale face he saw the snow-white hair, and gazed into the eyes of a weak, pink tinge. The thin lips of the Albino stretched in a queer suppressed smile as he crooned in a thin feminine voice:

"My dear Zac, I am glad to see you."

"The pleasure, it is all mine," replied Zac at once.

The Albino smiled more broadly. "Come, sit down and we will chat. We will enjoy a nice talk, a nice talk."

Zac was led to beside the table and given a chair. Then to the mind of the man in disguise there came as he talked the realization that before him was the master criminal he sought; the mind and brains of a mighty organization which had as its object the acquisition of the industries of the world. Evans realized dazedly that he was about to become a trusted assistant of that unprecented criminal. A realization even stronger was that a moment before he had shaken hands with the man who was responsible for the death of his father.

## CHAPTER V.

TWO months of inaction! The pseudo Zac sat at the rear of a musty and greasy restaurant, and frowned. He toyed with a fork nervously. In two months nothing had happened. Since that night two months before, when he had sat in the Albino's study and told him of the escape, he had seen him but twice, but no message had passed between them. Not the slightest action

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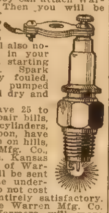

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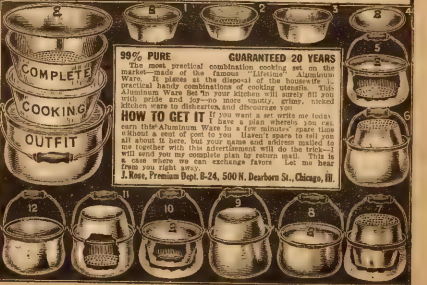

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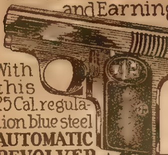

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had been taken by any member of the organization since then. They sat about in various stages of stagnation, some pleased that they received pay for no work, and others incensed at the inaction. The hundreds of men not classed as assistants loitered about. Even the assistants were idle. They were the overseers; they directed the smaller units when there was work to be done, but no work had been assigned them in two months. As the days passed on the inaction and silence became of a sinister character, boding a serious change in the near future. To Zac it seemed as the calm before the storm.

Zac snarled to himself. Two months! A devilish long time! In perpetual disguise, away from one's sister and friends and sweetheart, all made the task the more difficult. And he had accomplished nothing. What would Mogarty think—a man for two months in the very heart of the organization, and yet unable to discover one fact to confirm his convictions. Zac slammed the fork against the table viciously. He was angry. He was provoked at himself because he had not obtained results. As he arose a voice came from beside him:

"What's the matter, Zac, old boy?"

Zac glanced over and perceived the assistant who had directed him to the Albino's house the first night of his adventure.

He sat down again. "This doing nothing, it get on what you call my nerves," he growled.

"You said something," agreed the man, taking a seat opposite Zac. "I just came up here to get a bite. It's darn lonesome in that measly cellar."

"The cellar, it is a bad place."

"Bad is no name for it. The master has all his assistants cooped up in his cellar most of the time; he says it's for emergency, and so he can have us when he wants us. I don't mind it when there is something to do, but when we hang around and do nothing it gets my goat."

"Yes; me, too. But some one will hear us?"

"Naw. Nobody here but you and me. Say! did you hear the big news?"

"No," replied Zac, noting the twinkle of amusement in the other man's eyes. "I have not heard. What is it?"

At that moment the waiter neared and they shifted the subject. The order taken, the waiter moved away again, and Zac asked once more, "What is the news?"

"Say, you'd never guess it!"

"No?"

"I should say not! The master has got married!"

"What you say!"

"Sure thing! That was days ago, but I just found it out."

"For the sake of heaven!"

"Worse 'n that! Can you imagine any woman who would marry that white-haired, pink-eyed old guy?"

"The woman, have you seen her?"

"Naw, not yet. She came into the gang just about six or seven weeks ago. Right away the master took a likin' to her, and a couple of days ago they got married. All due respects to the master," whispered the fellow, "but that woman must 'a' been hard up!"

"Ah, that is so!" replied Zac laughingly. "She never saw you or me!"

"Sure not!" returned the other. "If she had, that old guy wouldn't have had a chance!"

They both laughed heartily. Zac seemed cheered at the news. The waiter at that moment brought the other's order, and Zac arose.

"I must go," he said. "Who knows but I will see the lucky woman?"

"Call her lucky if you want to!" mumbled the man, his mouth full of food.

Zac stepped from the restaurant and immediately turned his way toward a public telephone. He intended to call Mogarty at once and tell him the only development in two months; the marriage of the Albino. After walking for several blocks Zac was struck by the scantiness of his information. It was not enough. He must discover more. He resolved to go at once to the house of the Albino.

The butler manifested surprise when Zac walked into the vestibule.

"The master is inside," the butler said grudgingly.

Zac walked into the study. The Albino was seated before his massive table, writing. When Zac entered he arose, and a flash of anger sparked in his pink eyes.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded curtly. "I have told you never to come to this house in the daytime!"

"Alas, master," answered Zac humbly, "I come only to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me, indeed! Don't forget that this house is surrounded by society buds and gossiping old women that spread news like wildfire. A man dressed as you coming into a house in this district! A fine way to congratulate me!"

"Master, I am sory. I mean no harm. I come only to say that I am very happy that you marry, and to wish you and your wife——"

"Thank you!" snapped the Albino.

"The wife," went on Zac, undaunted. "Where is she?"

"She is not here. She is never here except at night."

"So. Zac raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "That is too bad! One would think——"

"Is that all you wanted?" The Albino's voice was icy.

Zac hesitated a moment. "I want to tell you," he answered finally, "of what the men they think."

"Ah! The men have thought! Remarkable!"

Zac smiled. "The men they often think of the welfare of their master," he continued. "We——"

"I'm flattered immensely!" interjected the Albino, his voice laden with irony. "They know very well that if anything happens to me that they are the losers!"

"They are not all selfish," Zac persisted. "I want to tell you, master, of how they feel"

"Ah! Not only do they think, but they also feel. This is stupendous!" The Albino sat down abruptly and resumed his writing.

Zac's eyes flamed. "The master," he said calmly, "is cruel."

The man writing at the table did not answer.

"I would like to tell you, master, that your men are dissatisfied."

The Albino's furious temper flared. He flung the pen from him and stepped menacingly before Zac, his pink eyes glittering. "What's that?"

Zac cringed. "The men they are tired. For two months they have done nothing."

"Well? What is that to you? They get paid for it!" The voice raged dangerously.

"I mean not to offend," said Zac with a gesture of apology. "I wanted to tell the master that the men are becoming restless, and that they grow dissatisfied if they do not have action."

"Well?"

"I would say that the master should give them something to do——"

"You miserable pupy! May I ask since when you are master here?"

"Pardon, ——"

"Pardon, pardon! You insignificant rat! You dare to come into my headquarters and dictate to me what I shall do!"

Zac remained silent, his head hung.

"When the time comes that I can no longer conduct this organization," went on the Albino, hotly, "then I will listen to you." His voice grew more calm. "You have heard of the copper room?" he asked meaningly.

Zac started vigorously. "Oh, master! I mean nothing!"

"If you ever come into my house again and try to dictate what I shall do—you will see the inside of that room! . . . You needn't worry about nothing to do. Within a very few hours you will have very much to do!" He added, "Things have already happened of which you know nothing. Big things."

The Albino stood scowling at the man before him. "Now you get out!" he commanded tersely. "Go down to the cellar where the rest of my assistants are. And don't come back until you're called!"

Zac meekly turned and left the room. He directed his way from the vestibule down a flight of brisk steps, and found himself in an underground room with several other men. He ignored them Instead, he went to a dark opening in the wall. A few moments later he opened the door of a garage at the rear of the house and, locking the door behind him, walked calmly down the alley, then turned into the street.

Zac turned his steps toward a public telephone. He walked for many minutes, rounding corners with such amazing complexity as to throw off his trail any one who might have attempted to follow him. The Albino had said that within a very few hours things would begin to happen—indeed, that something big had already happened, of which even the assistants were ignorant. Mogarty should hear of that. Assured that he was not being followed, Zac stepped into a drug store and went into a telephone booth.

In a few moments he had connected with the chief; it was the first time in a week.

"Zac," he said simply when he heard Mogarty's "H'lo?"

Immediately Mogarty's voice flamed with anger. He spoke in short and furious acents

"Great Scott!" came the words, dripping with wrath. "Why didn't you call sooner!"

"Why, what's wrong?' demanded Zac in alarm.

"It was days ago! Old Page is in a fury! It's all I can do to get him to keep possession of his mills——"

"Say what has happened!"

"Haven't you even heard? Man alive, Helen Page has been kidnaped!"

"What! Hello! . . . Hello, hello!" Mogarty's voice was drowned in a swarm of deafening cracklings.

## CHAPTER VI.

"HELLO! Hello, hello!" The drowning sputter persisted. Zac's ear rang from it. Finally thru it all came a faint, frantic rattling of the hook of the other party. Then a feeble, "Hello, hello! Zac!"

"Hello!" The crackling subsided and the line quieted again. "Hello!" said Zac in a furious whisper. "Hello! You said Helen was abducted. Repeat that!"

"That was four days ago! Man, why didn't you call before!"

"How was I to know? Come on, out with it!"

"It's a scheme of that devilish master crook of yours. Helen was abducted. Every day old Page is called on the phone. He is asked if he is ready to sign a transfer. They're after his factory, and he gets his daughter when he turns it over."

"Great Scott, why didn't you let me know?"

"I couldn't get hold of you. Helen—have you seen her? Where is she?"

"No, I haven't seen her! Do you suppose I'd know nothing about her being kidnaped if I had seen her? What do you know about where she is?"

"Nothing! She was taken one night. Her father and she were returning from a theater. Old Page was held up and Helen was taken awy by men in an auto. Page is about wild——"

"Who took her? Did any one see any of them?"

"No! All masked. That was four days ago. Every day Page is called on the phone and asked if he is ready to turn over the factory. He's about crazy. It's all I can do to make him keep his mills. I've got good men on the case, working from the outside."

"A lot of good they'll do!"

"Easy! Take it easy!"

"Easy! Don't you realize that those devils have taken Helen and have held her for four days without me knowing anything about it?"

"I know it. It's tough. You're the fellow to find out where she is. Go to it!"

"Trust to that!" Zac slammed the receiver in its hook and walked as calmly as he could from the store.

Helen abducted! So that was what the Albino had meant when he said that things had happened without even the assistants knowing of it. Helen had been held for four days somewhere in one of the large number of buildings owned by the Albino. Perhaps she was in the very house of the man! Zac's face grew red with fury as he thought of it.

He almost called aloud for action. Before, he had cried for action to entrap the master criminal; now it was action to save the girl he loved. Somewhere the Albino had hidden Helen. Where? As Zac thought of the outrage of it his pace becace faster and faster and rapidly carried him toward the master's mansion. Within first sight of it he halted. He was supposed to be in the cellar of that house. He could not again enter the front door without incurring the wrath and suspicion of the Albino. Zac swept from him the frenzied desire for instant action and became outwardly calm again. He wended his way to the alley leading past the back of the house. and went unseen into the garage behind it. In a few moments he had passed thru the underground passage and was in the cellar.

Zac sauntered to the table at which sat several others of the master's lieutenants.

"This waiting," he complained, taking a chair, "it is awful!"

One of the men laughed. "Don't worry, Zac! Things will begin to hum mighty soon."

"Yes? The master, he was angry with me today. . . . Is he here now?"

"Naw. He rang us that he was going away."

"He is gone?"

"Yeh."

Zac swore to himself. Perhaps the man had left the house to go to visit the place where Helen was being held. If Zac had arrived before the Albino had departed it would have been a simple matter to have followed him. . . . But the Albino was gone. There was nothing to do, then. Yet every fiber of Zac cried for him to do something; anything. He arose and sauntered to the brick steps that lead to the building above. What secrets were held in the rooms in which the Albino transacted his affairs? Perhaps notes of where Helen was being kept were there. He hesitated not a moment. He walked up the steps and a moment later found himself in the vestibule. It was deserted.

Zac stood motionless for a moment,

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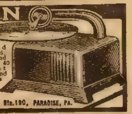

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listening. He tip-toed along the hall until he came to the huge collonade opening which led into the Albino's study. Peering thru it he perceived that the room was empty of any one. An intense silence pervaded the house. He softly crept inside the study and speculatively turned toward the table. It was barren. He grasped the handles of the drawer of it, and pulled. The drawer did not slide; it was locked. To open it would create noise; to mar the varnish by forcing it would result in certain detection. Zac left the table and peered about the room.

He stopped before a door leading off to the right. As the study fronted the house, no doubt the door opened to a small clothes closet, he decided. He turned the knob, and pulled open the door. No closet met his view; instead, a small room, the walls lined with shelves, was before him. At the far end of the narrow room stood a table on which rested a covered typewriter. Zac, stepped thru the door and closed it after him.

The room was very small. The shelves protruding from the walls left little more room than was necessary for the passage of a human body. Piles of writing-paper occupied places; boxes of envelopes, a check-writing device, an adding machine, also. There were supplies for multigraphing letters, and an addressing apparatus. Several boxes each contained a complete men's suit; several hats were piled to one side. There was one black box before which Zac paused. He raised its lid cautiously.

Before his eyes lay a complete outfit for disguising human features. A professional actor would have prided himself on the possession of such complete array of paints and pigments, of false hair and color sticks. With such material at hand a skilled person would have had little trouble in so altering his features as to be unrecognizable. Zac noticed that crude grease-paints were absent. Instead, there were dry stains for tinting the skin, removable quickly by special compounds. Such variety of ingenious material was in the box that Zac marveled at its completeness. Then he shut the box and turned his attention to other matters.

He drew the cover from the typewriter and perceived it to be of well-known make. On sudden inspiration he fed a sheet of paper into position, and tapped off a few characters. He drew the Albino's note from his pocket and compared its letters with the specimens on the sheet in the typewriter. There was little doubt that the two had been written on the same machine.

It was there, then, that the Albino wrote his orders to his men. Zac sat down at the chair before the machine and fingered the keys speculatively. If there were only some way in which he could use that machine against the criminal. He thought long and earnestly, but no plan presented itself. He decided there was nothing to be gained by staying in the supply-room when at any moment the Albino might return, so he arose from the chair preparatory to quitting the room.

As he arose he caught sight of a sheet of paper laying beside the typewriter. Turning it over, he saw a single column of figures. Was it a column of addition? But the figures were typewritten; all except the number at the bottom, which was penciled. The bottom number was 512.

Zac smiled. That was his own number in the organization. Quickly glancing up the column he saw another number; 156. That was the denomination of the man who had accompanied him to the house the first night; the man with whom he had talked in the restaurant a few minutes before. The realization came to Zac that he held in his hand a list of the numbers of those high in the organization—no less than the number of the assistants themselves.

Zac had no sooner realized the identity of the list than his mind had generated a plan. Turning to the typewriter he inserted a sheet of paper. Noting that the number at the top of the column was 634 he began writing:

> No. 634:
>
> Tonight at one o'clock report in the cellar of my house. Disregard all previous orders effective at that time.
> C.

That was all. It was a matter of a few minutes for Zac to copy a letter for each of the numbers. Each letter reads the same; each was sealed in an envelope bearing the number of one of the assistants. At 1 o'clock that night, in obedience to the forged messages, all the master criminal's assistants would be together in the cellar of the house. The Albino himself—perhaps his wife, also—would doubtless be in the study. It would be a simple matter to telephone Mogarty and tell him to have a squad of men ready to raid the house at that time. Zac glanced at his watch. It was 4:30. There was plenty of time for the messages to be directed to the assistants. But how? Who, in the organization, did that work? Zac resolved that by some means he would find out. He bundled the score of letters together, arose, and quietly stepped to the door.

As he placed his hand on the knob of the door he detected a slight sound. It sounded like the rustle of paper. Dropping on one knee, he peered thru the keyhole. Opposite the door he could see the master's table. Seated behind it was the man of the pink eyes. The master had returned.

Zac grew silently furious. He could not leave the small room without certain detection. He was a prisoner in the master's house, with the master himself unconsciously guarding the door. At any moment the man of the white hair might decide to enter the room in which Zac hid, and in which there was no place for Zac to secrete himself.

**It now looks as if the master crook is on to the pseudo Zac's little game. And as Harry may have failed to notify his chief of the midnight gathering of the Albino's agents, thus cheating himself out of timely aid from that source, his present predicament is one not to be considered lightly. Meanwhile, he will probably devote some of his thoughts to the mysterious, beautiful woman who has become the bride of the repulsive Albino, and to the real purpose of the assembling of a score or more of the master's men. New characters and new developments in the next installment of the story, in next week's Ledger.**

* * *

## Gunpowder and the Chinese.

THE Chinese were long credited with the invention of gunpowder, but not long ago evidence was adduced to indicate that this is a mistake, and that the Arabians did not, as commonly supposed, introduce gunpowder into Europe during the eighth and ninth centuries.

It is believed by the most competent authorities now that the manufacture of the first gunpowder was based upon the "Fire Book" of Marcus Graecus, which appeared in Constantinople about the middle of the thirteenth century. This was the source from which Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas derived their knowledge of gunpowder.

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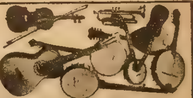

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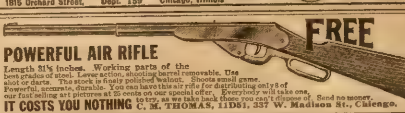

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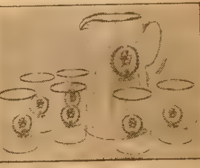

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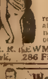

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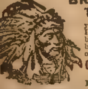

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# Devils Unleashed

(Concluded From Page 4)

bullets into his heart, stronger than he had it before. They may, of course, try to starve us out."

"The steward keeps some bread and jam and such light stuff in one of the cabin lockers."

"Trust a woman to have noticed it," grunted Hunter.

"And," continued the girl, "there's water enough in the cabin to last for a while."

Hunter nodded. "Things might be a whole lot worse."

Notwithstanding Hunter's efforts to be cheerful, they both felt that the situation was not in the least hopeful, and the strain was beginning to tell. The girl's face was haggard and drawn, and Hunter's eyes, altho grimly determined, were clouded with worry. What beastly luck to have the girl there to take care of. If it were not for her he'd bring things to a showdown and end the affair one way or the other.

The schooner was still running under her auxiliary power, for they could feel the vibrations of her gas engine. The air in the stateroom was beginning to be very uncomfortable, the only ventilation being the port over the berth, which they had kept closed.

After remaining silent and listening carefully for some time for any fresh attempt to force an entrance into the cabin, Hunter unbolted the door and peered cautiously around the cabin. He noticed that the port opening into the galley was closed, as was also the other stateroom doors. Thus comparatively secure from a pot-shot, he instructed his companion to keep a close watch toward the sliding panel of the galley, and slipped into the cabin.

Opening the door to the captain's stateroom, he looked in. This room had been turned topsyturvy. The captain's little safe, which stood against the wall near the berth, had been forced open and its contents scattered over the floor. The bedclothes had been stripped from the berth; in fact, nothing had escaped examination that might have afforded a hiding place for the money which had caused all the bloodshed, and which was likely to cause more.

Hunter searched the dead man's room for firearms, also that of the mate, but nothing was to be found. Miss Jameson's room had not been distrubed. That his own room and that of the girl's had escaped, he knew was owing to the fact that the men, finding nothing in the other two rooms, had rushed on deck to attack Hunter, where they had been headed off and driven forward by Jansen. Jansen believed that Hunter held the key to the situation, and so protected him. Hunter feared now that this hope of protection was no longer to be entertained. He reflected that this was just as well, for he was convinced that if he had yielded to Jansen's terms, he would have been murdered in the end; for he felt certain that the men would not permit the girl to leave the vessel, and Hunter, of course, would not go alone.

While standing in the middle of the cabin floor, his attention was attracted by a slight sound at the companion hatch. There was a movement of the doors as tho an attempt were being made to pry them open. Leveling his automatic, he fired, the bullet boring thru the wood. An answering yell of rage or pain, he could not know which, followed by the scurrying of feet, told him that he had at least frightened the attacker away, if he had not winged him.

At the sound of the shot, the girl slipped into the cabin, one hand grasping her pistol, the other at her throat. "What was it?" she quavered.

"One of our friends trying to pay us a visit," he grinned. "I think I pinked him—hope I did."

"Come back into the stateroom," she begged.

"All right, but we are just about as safe here as anywhere. Leave the door open. So. We must watch that entrance every minute."

They fell silent as the time dragged on and nothing happened. Dark was drawing near. The vibrations of the engine ceased. Presently there was a heavy, rumbling noise, and Hunter muttered: "Anchor."

As Hunter reviewed the situation he felt more confident. It was only reasonable to suppose that they would make every effort to take him alive, for therein lay their hope of securing what they were after. So, for a time at least, the chances of being shot thru the walls or portholes were negligible.

Then came an idea, and he resolved that if he and the girl were to be subjected to a seige, their enemies should share the treament. The galley was large, and part of it was used as a storeroom, and Hunter knew that at least a great part of the stores for each trip were kept in the galley. If he and the girl were to be kept out of food, so should the crew. He could at least keep them from cooking anything, even if there were canned stuff and hardtack in the hold that they could get. Somewhat elated by this new idea, he again slipped into the cabin to watch and listen.

HE HAD not long to wait before he heard the galley door cautiously opened, then stealthy footsteps in the galley. He promptly sent a bullet thru the sliding panel, the red streak from his automatic lighting up the cabin. The report was followed by a scream of fury and the noise of some one making a hurried scramble for the deck, sending pots and pans clattering in his haste.

Hunter chuckled. "I don't know how long they'll stand for that before they begin in earnest trying to murder us, but right now we've got 'em going."

Angry voices could be heard on deck, Jansen's rising above the others. "I tell ye mates, he knows where that swag is. If we send him to Davy Jones, we'll never get it."

"Kill the lubber," yelled a voice hoarsely. "He's most sartin sure got it stowed away in his dunnage."

"But suppose he ain't, then wot?"

"Then tear the bloody hooker up till we finds it," cried another voice, which Hunter took to be that of the cook—the gentleman he had more than likely just entertained with a shot

"Listen, mates," shouted Jansen. "You leave it to me. I tells ye now, you leave it to me. I want to git that swab an' give him the rope's end, that's wot, afore ye do anythin' to him—then you can have him an' the gal. Now, what you bullies is wantin' right now is rum. Ain't that so, now?"

A roar followed, which showed that Jansen had hit the keynote.

"Then you bullies git that keg in the forehold you'll find by lookin' for, an' drink hearty an' leave the rest to me—that's wot you do."

Then came the sound of the men racing forward, followed by silence.

"I hope they'll drink themselves blind," muttered Hunter. "I wonder what his game is, turning that lot of beasts loose on grog? Maybe he's trying to double-cross the whole push."

Jansen himself answered Hunter's question by hailing from near the stateroom porthole. "You most like hears wot I said to the men, Mr. Hunter. Now, I figgers it thisaway. Me'n you could throw together and git away with that swag. They'll never suspicion nothin'—I can fool 'em. Come on, now, wot says ye?"

Hunter did not answer. Jansen kept up windy arguments and pleadings in a wheedling voice, ending with: "You think it over, Mr. Hunter, that's wot, an' while you're a doin' of that, suppose you'n come to a sorta truce, like. You let us cook some hot grub an' we'll pass you'n the young lady some, all proper an' no harm done. How about that, Mr. Hunter, hey?"

Hunter's reply was to point out in no uncertain language Jansen's probable destination where the man would likely not be in need of hot food and drink. Jansen swore viciously and tramped off forward.

"You don't seem to trust Mr. Jansen very much," the girl made a poor attempt to laugh.

"If you must know," he answered somewhat curtly, "I trust nobody till proved. I learned that lesson long ago."

She shrank from the note in his speech as well as the words. Her creed was exactly to the contrary. She was naturall trustful, and regarded every one as trustworthy until she knew the opposite.

"I should hate to have such views," she said softly.

He laughed. "You have a lot to learn, it seems. I was like you once, to my eternal regret. Why, just look at those devils. There never was a straighter man than Captain White. He treated those filthy beasts well, far better than nine-tenths of shipmasters treat their crews. The forecastle mess had the same food as the after cabin . . . . Captain White told me that this same crew, officers and men, had been with him voyage after voyage, and he paid them somewhat above the usual scale—he was owner as well as master, you know. All that, of course, may have been good business policy, but it does not alter the fact that, as soon as they think he has gold enough on board worth tempting them, they turn on him, murder him, for the satisfaction of their greed."

Things were quiet on deck, and Hunter thought it would be a good time to investigate the lockers in the cabin; for he and the girl must have food. Rummaging around, he found some lightbread, butter, and jam. Altho not very substantial, this would do for a time. And they might not need much more, he mused grimly.

"Shall we have a light?" asked the girl.

"I see no reason that we shouldn't for a while," he answered, and proceeded to light the oil lamp in the stateroom. Then: "After we eat a little something, I think you'd better lie down and sleep a little, if you can."

"You can't watch all night," she returned. "If you'll let me, I'll stand watch part of the night. I can do it—please."

"Very well, if you wish. It will likely come to that anyway, if we're penned up long. Are you hard to awake?"

"I don't think I shall be under such circumstances as these. I shall be lucky to sleep at all. I believe tho, that if I do sleep I might wake more easily if called by my first name."

"All right—what is it? I've never heard it."

"A name I don't like," she said timidly. "It's so old-fashioned. It's Faith."

"As good as any other. You'll be more than likely to need a good supply for what it stands for, before we're out of this."

They finished their light meal, and Hunter suggested that Faith lie down at once, as there was no accounting for what might happen at any time.

She obediently crawled into the berth, saying as she drew the curtains: "You haven't told me your first name, yet."

"They call me Dick."

"Then, good-night—Dick."

"Oh, good-night. Hope you'll sleep."

Br-r-r! What a cold-blooded machine the man was. But Faith was soon asleep, notwithstanding her dangerous and peculiar position.

Hunter extinguished the lamp in their room and lighted the one in the cabin, which swung from the ceiling over the table in the forward end. Thus by sitting in the darkened room, he could see out and could not be seen.

Muffled sounds came to him frequently; sounds of oaths, now and then a raucus song, and the scuffling of feet, as tho some of the men were dancing. Evidently they were making merry in the forecastle. But how long would it take before they had drunk themselves into a state where such amusement would not suffice? If they would only drink themselves into a stupor—

The revelry went on far into the night, and then quieted down. Hunter was beginning to be drowsy. He had been on a severe strain for hours. He fought the desire to doze as best he could, but at times his head would droop. He heard footsteps, a little unsteady, approaching aft. He roused himself with a vicious jerk, wide awake now and tense.

**What chance for their lives will Dick and Faith have against the burly Jansen and his drunken aids? While the crew is a small one, as schooner crews go, and his drunken aids. Whilethe crew so also is Jansen and several of his men, and cabin doors are but flimsy protection against battering rams. Hunter's first act, no doubt, will be to awaken his fair companion and explain the new dangers they must now face—and overcome, if their lives are to be spared and the hidden gold saved from the grasp of human "devils unleashed." Just what happened will be told in the second installment of the thrilling story, in next week's Ledger.**

* * *

## He Went Fishing.

"PRISONER at the bar," said His Honor, "you are charged as making a great nuisance of yourself. You insulted two or three persons, created a public gathering and resisted the officer who arrested you."

"I deny it, your Honor!" replied the prisoner. "I always behave myself in public."

The officer made oath, but the accused still denied the facts. It was apparent to everybody in court that he was lying, and, after thinking over the case for two or three minutes, His Honor asked:

"Where were you on Wednesday afternoon?"

"I went fishing, sir," was the answer.

"Did you catch any fish?"

"No sir, not one."

"Then I fine you five dollars or fifteen days on the Island."

And as the prisoner was led away he muttered:

"If I had owned up to him that I didn't even get a bite he probably would have given me six months!"

* * *

## Natural Cause.

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Joe—Great—great—great — great —gr——

Visitor—Oh, come, come! That's scarcely possible.

Landlord (confidentially)—He isn't telling lies, sir. He's only stuttering!

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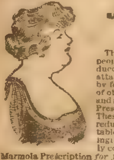

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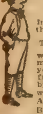

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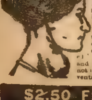

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6-2

# Confession

(Continued From Page 5)

money. I was in such bad shape that almost anything would have satisfied me—a suit of clothes to sell—anything."

Walker stopped, breathing nervously. There was a slight glare now to his eyes.

"And what did you do then?" pressed District Attorney Kling, softly urging him on.

"Well, I went in that house about midnight one night. It had been dark a long time—about three hours. I didn't have much trouble. I stole a chisel out of the saloon and pried open the back door. I prowled around trying to figure where the money would be kept. I run onto a small safe and figured the money would be in that. I didn't have no way to open the safe, so I began looking for the dining-room—hunting the silverware. There was a couch in the dining-room—a funny place to have a couch—and I stumbled against it. There was a man sleeping on it and he sat up and grabbed me. I thought it was the old nigger—I didn't think a millionaire would be sleeping on the couch in the dining-room—and I cracked him with the chisel."

Walker's agitation was growing now, and Kling had a fear that he might, by some sudden twist of a distraught nervous system, decide to recant the confession before he signed it.

"You struck him with the chisel?" the district attorney suggested.

"Yes," said Walker. "I hit him with the chisel. He still held onto me—and I cracked him again. He let loose a little bit then and—and then I hit him a good one. He grunted and dropped down—and then rolled off on the floor. I stooped down and felt of him—and I could feel him getting cold. I felt of his face and my hand rubbed against his big mustache and goatee. Then I knew it wasn't the nigger at all—I knew I'd killed old man Rumbold."

"What did you do then?"

"I forgot about silverware and everything else—I just got away from there as fast as I could, and I've kept away from that end of town ever since. But he haunts me just the same. I haven't got the heart to commit murder. I only wanted to steal something—I don't know why I did it. I was hungry and out of my head, I guess."

"What have you been doing since?"

"I've been wandering around, afraid to stop long in any one place. The papers have had so much in 'em about the murder that it scared me every time I passed a news stand. I'm ready to take my medicine."

"Do you realize that this confession means, in court, a sentence of death?"

"Sure, I know that; but is there anything better for me? There's only one thing—I thought maybe you might have me sent up for life, as long as I've confessed."

"We will have to see about that later," the district attorney said. He was conscious of a twinge of pity for the wretched creature. "But, in the first place, will you sign this confession?"

"Yes."

And Jim Walker signed the confession. In a half-hour it had been typed and with no hesitation whatever, he affixed his signature to the document which could send him into the electric chair. Then he was led into a room apart from the private office and placed under guard of two stalwart policemen. District Attorney Kling and Inspector Callup were again quartered in conference.

"I'll tell you, inspector," said the delighted Kling, "I have a plan. It will reflect no great credit on the administration—this case where a man comes in voluntarily and confesses. The newspapers will roast us just the same. Let's put one over on them."

"I'm agreeable," returned the inspector.

"We'll file an information against this man immediately, arraign him and have him held for the grand jury. We'll do it all within an hour or two, before the papers know anything about it. We'll have him in jail, held without bail for the grand jury on a charge of murder in the first degree, before the papers know anything about it. Then we'll tip it off to the Vesuvius—that's the only paper that hasn't jumped on us. It will give the Vesuvius a nice little scoop: publishing the news of the arrest, arraigment, and imprisonment of the slayer of Banker Rumbold while the other papers are hollering because we haven't caught him."

"A great idea."

"And, mind you, this man did not come in here and confess." The district attorney gazed intently into the surprised eyes of the inspector. "He didn't come in here and confess. You caught him—do you understand that—you caught him. You and I have been quietly working on this case, and we caught him near the Rumbold home. We played a little game and he returned to the scene of his crime. Credit for us—and discredit for those hampering newspapers!"

The affidavit, with confession attached, charging James Walker with murder in the first degree, was soon made out and arrangements were completed for the arraignment of the prisoner before Justice Prather. It was a time of day when the courts were not in session and no newspaper reporters were lingering about. None but Lawrence, of the Planet.

LAWRENCE had a very keen eye—and a keen sense of humor. He saw a very mysterious group sidling into the chambers of Justice Prather. He was a very inquisitive individual—this Lawrence—and when he saw that District Attorney Kling, Inspector Callup, two detectives and a ragged man, evidently a prisoner, were in the group, his curiosity knew no bounds—and he edged into the courtroom.

The district attorney saw Lawrence and scowled, turning the expression quickly into a smile. The district attorney was disappointed, but he also was a diplomat. He didn't wish to antagonize Lawrence.

"The plan to hold the story for the Vesuvius is all off," Kling whispered to Callup, "but we can carry out the rest of the scheme."

The proceedings were brief. Justice Prather refused to accept Walker's plea of guilty until he had consulted with counsel, which the court announced he would appoint. It was only a matter of routine—holding the man over to the grand jury—and it was quickly done.

But for some reason or other, Reporter Lawrence did not hasten to a telephone booth to notify his paper when he learned this man Walker was being held for the murder of Banker Rumbold. Instead, he regarded the district attorney with a twinkle in his eye.

"Where did you get this man, Mr. Kling?" Lawrence asked, when the prisoner was being led away.

"We arrested him," said Kling shortly.

"You're sure he didn't voluntarily confess?"

"Why—why—what makes you ask that?" demanded the district attorney, and he couldn't deny a pang of alarm.

"Oh, nothing," said Lawrence, smiling, "only your friend Walker is Alvin Donnal, the 'Confession Bug'—and he's been confessing to every murder in New York since Bessie Seaver was killed a couple of years ago."

"Bring that man back here!" the district attorney cried to the policemen who were leading Walker away. "Bring him back here!" He faced Lawrence, thanking his stars that he had been saved from a situation that would have placed him in an extremely ridiculous light. "Are you sure about that, Lawrence?" he asked.

"Why, certainly," said the reporter. "You're only new in office, and so is Inspector Callup—but you've certainly heard of Alvin Donnal, haven't you? He confesses to all big murders—and we've made quite a joke out of it."

"I've read of Alvin Donnal, and his penchant for confessing," admitted Kling, "and I'm glad you tipped me off."

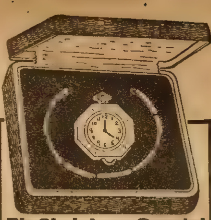
The district attorney and Inspector Callup consulted for a few moments and then the case was stated to Justice Prather. The prisoner was again standing at the bar and after severe questioning he admitted he was Alvin Donnal and that he had confessed to a half-dozen murders. Several policemen were brought in and all identified him as the Confession Bug.

"Your honor," said the district attorney, "I move that the information against this man be quashed and that he be discharged. It is plain that he is trying to make jest of me and the court, just as he has done on previous occasions."

"I am inclined to quash the information and discharge the prisoner," said Justice Prather, "but I would suggest that, to make it legal, you insert into the information affidavit the words 'alias Alvin Donnal,' after the name 'Walker,' under which he has been arraigned."

And so it was done. Alvin Donnal, the outcast who had confessed to murder after murder, only to be hurled back into the world, was driven from court—a cringing, stooped wretch to whom even the shelter of a jail was denied. He left with the curses of policemen ringing in his ears.

A STUDENT LAMP, shaded, flung its rays down upon a pair of clinched fists resting upon the table. The hands,



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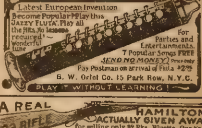

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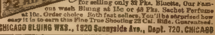

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thin, were now gripped so tightly that the knuckle-bones gleamed white thru the sparse flesh. The nails dug into the palms and had it not been for the harsh breathing from the distended nostrils above the fists, the grip might have been that of a corpse after violent and clutching death.

The body of the man to whom the fists belonged was tense as he sat in the room somewhat darkened except for the pillar of light shot downward by the shaded lamp. His eyes burned with a squinting, steel-like glint. His lips were compressed into a mere hair-line.

The man was freshly shaven. His face was thin and his sparse hair was gray. His clothing indicated him to be a man of comfortable means. The bachelor apartment and its furnishings, bore this out.

It was evening of the day on which Alvin Donnal had confessed the murder of Banker Rumbold. The man was Alvin Donnal himself!

Slowly the right fist loosened, revealing clasped therein a crumpled sheet of paper. With a quick movement the other hand unclasped and he spread out on the table the sheet of paper. Moving his gleaming eyes nearer the table, he read:

> Dear Alvin:
>
> This is to bid you good-by. The step I am about to take is for the best. I am going away with Rumbold, and I hope you will not try to find us. He has convinced me that you are guilty of the crime at the bank, and has offered me happiness. The best I can hope for you is that they do not send you to prison for the theft.
>
> EDITH.

Alvin Donnal read and reread the note, the faded writing of which attested that it was a product of many years ago. Then he reached for a match from a smoking-tray near his hand. Very carefully he applied the flames to the paper and laid it in the ash-receptacle. It blazed up brightly—but no brighter than his eyes. In a moment the paper was a gray ember. With one movement of his fingers, he reduced it to powder.

The body of Alvin Donnal relaxed and he gazed upon the small heap of powder in the ash-tray.

A gloating chuckle escaped his thin lips—a chuckle that was hideously justified.

Because—

He had killed Rumbold, and, having been arraigned for the crime and discharged by the court, the law could not arrest him again on that charge!

* * *

# Pittie's Professional Pride.

(Concluded From Page 11.)

that hasn't seen an operation in six years!"

But with the feel of the knife in his fingers there came confidence, a knowledge that the power was there—that if he would, he could do this thing.

There came the reckless daring—a touch of the born surgeon—that yet counts coolly every chance, every risk. Gradually, in the cold and dark, he was coming into his own, he was fighting his fight and winning.

NOW and then in the hour that followed he felt himself slipping—felt the old cowardice, the old indecisiveness, and at those times Hayden's face stared at him from the shelves, contemptuous, sneering, loathing.

But Pittie fought it down—fought it with a convulsive clutch on the little knife that seemed to mean his chance of salvation.

He was ready when Anne came in. With the aid of some matches he had found chloroform, cotton, even a few strychnin tablets for emergency. These, with the instruments from his pocket-case, lay on the counter.

When she came to the door, he was testing his knives carefully.

"I have hot water ready, and towels," she said. "I didn't know what else to get. Do you think that I—that I could give the chloroform?"

"I think you'll have to," Pittie said grimly, and took off his coat.

In the back room, everything was quiet.

It was empty now, except for the still figure on the bed. Anne seemed to have forgotten nothing; the bracket-lamp had been taken down and placed on the table. There were bowls, towels, blankets, pitchers.

As Pittie showed her how to give the chloroform, dropping it on the towel and holding it a couple of inches from Hayden's face, their hands met. This time it was Anne who trembled; Pittie's fingers were as cold and as tense as steel.

Only once he faltered. It was when his knife was poised, ready.

"If—if I make a slip," he said—"it's—a deadly piece of work, Anne."

"Is there any other way?" she asked.

"No, none."

"Then go on."

"If he don't get through?"

"He has to get through," she said quietly. "You're doing this for me and for Jim and for yourself, Pittie. Don't speak. I'm going to pray."

It is not for us to live thru that next hour while Anne prayed and fumbled with awkward fingers for Hayden's failing pulse; while Pittie—a Pittie she had never known—stooped over his work with eager eyes and a mouth set in new, resolute lines.

And then it was over—and Hayden still breathed. Anne sank down on the floor, limp and white, but Pitcairn—surely now—Pitcairn still hung over the bed watching every breath, every leap of the pulse in the neck. For hours they stayed in the same cramped positions, while Hayden's eyes were closed, his breathing faint and irregular.

Toward morning Anne lifted her head; the lamp was going out—there was a sickly smell of oil in the air, and Pitcairn's eyes were ringed with black circles.

"Is he better?" she breathed.

"He's holding his own, anyhow."

"Would you think—if he lived till morning——"

"Yes," he whispered back. "Every hour is a gain."

"The paralysis?" It seemed as tho her lips only formed the word.

"Watch his feet. Good Lord, if they only move!"

The lamp went out. The gray of the Klondike night gave way slowly to the pink of the dawn. The blankets over Hayden's chest rose more regularly—now and then he moved his arms.

Toward morning he was thirsty, and Anne gave him water by spoonfuls. And still from the waist down there was that pitiful inertness, the quiescence of death in life.

The hope began to die from Pitcain's face; it was strained, worn, in the dawn. Anne went over and put her hand on his shoulder.

"If he gets well," she whispered, "I want you to do something. Promise you will go back and start all over again. Go back and do the things that tonight you have shown you can do."

The walls of the shack seemed to fade away. Pitcairn could see the white columns of the veranda at home; there was the chestnut mare waiting, and——

"If this is a success," he said huskily, "I'll go back and start over, Anne."

And then he got to his feet suddenly and clutched the kneeling woman by her shoulder.

"Thank God! Look!" he cried.

Hayden was stirring uneasily, and under the blankets his feet were moving.

It was only Anne who met the intelligence in Hayden's eyes when in a little while he opened them. For out on the wooden steps of the shack Pittie was standing, staring over the waste of white to God's country and home.

* * *

## A FINE OLD LILT.

A THIN little fellow had such a fat wife,
  Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum, and he looked like a fife,
  And it took all his money to dress her,
          God bless her,
          God bless her,
          To dress her,
          To dress her.

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
  Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken hose,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
          God keep her,
          To drink her,
          God keep her,
          And sleep her.

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
  A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
  And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
          God spare her,
          To bear her.
          God spare her,
          To bear her.

She spread like a turtle, he shrunk like a pike,
  A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
  For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
          God save him,
          To shave him,
          God save him,
          To shave him.

She fattened away till she burst one day,
  Exploded, blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
  She covered over an acre,
          God take her,
          An acre,
          God take her,
          An acre.

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**Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.**

# The White Lily Murder

(Continued From Page 10.)

elevator, which was coming up the shaft. As Jones approached him he gave him his quick, furtive look, but said nothing at the moment. They went down together, and at the entrance to the hotel Peck turned his head sidewise.

"You keep out of this, or it will be the worse for you!" he mubled thru half-closed lips.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

JONES paid no attention to the fellow, but, determined not to be stalked by him, he walked up and down in front of the hotel, keeping him in sight. But Peck seemed to have no intention of spying. He jumped on a street car, and Jones watched it until it disappeared in the distance, bearing the butler away.

Jones proceeded slowly uptown, trying to puzzle out the meaning of the morning's interview. It was plain to him that Miss Martin might have told him something which would have had a vital bearing upon the mystery. It was also plain that Peck's advent had turned her from her purpose.

The mans' presence and power in the Embrich house was itself a mystery, and it was likely that in some way Peck had acquired an influence over Miss Martin. Yet, on the other hand, this might simply be due to his knowledge of family affairs; or he might be in possession of some secret not necessarily relative to the murder.

Again, there was the possibility that Peck had come to see Miss Martin simply in connection with some household matter of which she had knowledge.

Jones dismissed the possibility from his mind. He recalled the expression on her face, her agitation at the mention of Timson. Of the three suspects, Miss Martin as Embrich's murderer was the least unlikely.

But Jones could hardly bring himself to face that possibility. The secretary had lost everything by Embrich's death; her grief had been patently sincere.

More and more the clew pointed toward Timson. The assistant manager and Embrich had been secret partners in a manner of life that one usually pursues alone; a bitter animosity had existed on Timson's part against his employer, while Embrich had clearly condoned Timson's alias as Sanford Rogers, a thing that would ordinarily have brought dismissal.

Might it not be that the woman who murdered Embrich was some member of the gay Broadway life whom Embrich had known very well indeed; who had taken her revenge for some wrong suffered thru his secret marriage with Adelaide Orr?

Jones decided to call on Timson. The store being still closed, it would be necessary to go to his apartment. He stepped into a drug store and looked up Timson in the telephone book. He found that the address was not in the Bronx, but in Harlem, and took an uptown subway train, getting off some twenty minutes later at One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth street.

As was likely enough in the case of a man who spent his money as Timson did, the address proved to be an unpretentious apartment in a house without an elevator. The card was over the letter-box, but repeated ringings failed to elicit the familiar click-click of the door latch.

At last Jones rang the janitor's bell, and presently a pleasant, matronly woman opened the door.

"The Timsons? Why, they ain't here no more!" exclaimed the woman, after Jones had stated the purpose of his visit. "Left nearly a week ago, she did! The apartment's been rented from next Monday."

"Where have they gone?" asked Jones.

The woman shrugged her shoulders expressively. "Where should she go with five childer and a husband like that?" she asked. "She ain't gone with him, I'll bet that! A bad lot, that's what I call that Timson. Kept 'em short of pretty nearly everything, and quarrel——" She threw up her hands. "More'n once I seen her with a black eye," she said.

"I seen her crying, too, when Mr. Timson hadn't been home all night. I guess she'd have left him long ago if it wasn't for the childer. Pretty little thing she were, but worn-looking. No, I've no idea where she's gone, but I wish I'd had the manhandling of him!"

Jones withdrew with the feeling that the whole quest was hopeless. He would have given everything in the world for Hosanna's aid.

He took a train downtown, but, as it neared Forty-Second street, it occurred to him as a possibility that Adelaide Orr might have some further news of "Sanford Rogers." Accordingly, changing into a local, he got out at Twenty-Third street and proceeded to her apartment.

Since he had seen her, Jones had come to regard her as being entirely identified with himself and Hosanna, so far as the investigation was concerned. He was disconcerted, therefore, by the coolness of his reception.

Indeed, as he stood in the little living-room, he had a distinct consciousness of having blundered in uninvited, and of Adelaide standing plumb in the center of the curtains that barred it from the bedroom, as if she thought that he intended to plunge headlong into that sanctuary.

"Really, this is quite unexpected, Mr. Jones!" the girl began. "I think you might at least have telephoned me. As it happens, I am extremely busy this morning. What is it I can do for you?"

"I'm sorry to have intruded," said Jones. "I merely wished to ask if you have heard anything more about Sanford Rogers."

"I have not!"

"I understood that you were going to——"

"Quite so! But that was before this new turn in affairs."

"Surely, Mrs. Embrich, you don't mean to insinuate that Miss Beach is—is guilty?" Jones demanded in amazement.

"My dear man, it is not my business to insinuate anything," she returned with asperity. "I have troubles enough of my own, without taking other people's burdens on my shoulders." Then, softening a little, "Of course, it must be something of a shock to you to find Miss Beach involved so gravely in this horrible affair," she said.

"Mrs. Embrich," Jones protested hotly, "if you have got it into your head that Hos—that Miss Beach can possibly be guilty, please drive it out again. I know that girl. She's pure gold, and absolutely incapable of such a dastardly crime."

"Indeed?" asked Adelaide Embrich, looking at him with a curious smile. "The case against her seems a bit strong, if the newspapers are at all correct."

"I tell you that she is incapable of such a crime," cried Jones, beginning to lose his temper. "I thought you were her friend, Mrs. Embrich. It's a strange sort of friendhip that throws a friend to the wolves like that."

"Pretty strong talk," commented Adelaide. "I should say you were in love with her, Mr. Jones."

"In so far as I'm fit to breathe the same air she breathes, I certainly am," said Jones. "And that's why I'm going to free her and Philip Goodloe."

"Oh! Why Phil Goodloe, pray?"

"Because they love each other and want to get married."

Adelaide Orr laughed merrily. "Really, you are very naive, Mr. Jones!" she said. "It's quite refreshing to meet such disinterested love nowadays. However, I've no further information for you. When I have any, I'll let you know."

Jones turned toward the door, turned back, and shook his huge fist in the amazed girl's face.

"You are a false, worthless, treacherous woman!" he shouted furiously. "I've met your kind before." As he spoke there flashed vividly into his mind the face of the parson's daughter who, in the long ago, had almost invited him to kiss her before she boxed his ears. "I wonder how you'll feel when Miss Beach returns—a free woman!" he shouted. "I pity your sensations when you meet!"

Jones' rare outbursts of rage were something elemental in their fury. He towered over Adelaide, denouncing her as some old prophet might have denounced the wickedness of his king. He was stirred to his very depths by the girl's treachery to her friend

**The foregoing installment will probably leave the reader deeply perplexed as to the sudden changed attitudes of Miss Martin and Adelaide Orr, the actress. The former seems to have turned against the genial Jones, under the influence of the surly butler; and Adelaide, formerly manifesting a sisterly love and respect for Hosanna, now coldly asserts her belief in the young girl's guilt. Evidently there is much to be explained before the baffling mystery is cleared up. Wonder how many readers have guessed the real slayer of the merchant at this stage of the story! New surprises are promised for next week. Only two more parts to the story.**

* * *

## Funeral of a White Elephant.

A WHITE elephant is considered sacred in Siam, and when one dies it is given a funeral grander than that accorded the princes of royal blood. Buddhist priests officiate, and thousands of devout Siamese men and women follow the deceased animal to the grave. Jewels and offerings representing much wealth are buried with the elephant.

# The Swallow Flies

(Continued From Page 12.)

labor. But I'm not," he appended with satisfaction

"Maybe you'd like to see the document of your doom," he suggested further, and, walking over to a cabinet, he unlocked a drawer and took from it a tiny, very tiny roll of thin white paper about which was tied a slender red string.

"Here's the tie that binds—Miss Harrison to me," he proclaimed jovially. "Want to hear it?"

"Oh, no, don't!" begged the girl. "It's seared, perfectly red-hot, on my brain. Just to think," she half-wailed, "that once I wanted to be always one of those modern, efficient business women! And always scorned the thought of marriage! O-o-h!" she nearly broke down.

Richard Senior was heartless. He grinned.

"I knew," he said, "that I caught you at the psychological moment. "Well," his tone changed, "this is the one obstruction in your road to hymeneal bliss." He poised the tiny paper on his finger tips.

"If it were lost?" questioned Richard Junior—a sudden light appearing in his adventuresome eyes.

"Oh, don't worry!" countered his father "It won't be. But, admitted, as this is the one and only copy of Miss Harrison's signed pledge, if it were lost then, of course, I could not stop you two headstrong people." He chuckled.

"If I could only——" softly murmured Richard Junior, rapidly estimating the distance between them, his eyes fixed longingly upon the document.

"Dicky-boy," cautioned his discreet fiancee.

"Oh, he won't!" laughed Richard Senior.

Carefully he laid the red-ribboned paper on the window ledge. "There," he smiled, self-congratulatory, "even the wind, for there is none, can't carry it off."

"Dad," said Richard Junior desperately, "you're a good sport, but you just can't understand." He eyed, enviously, the paper. "Meanwhile I offer up devout prayers."

"Yes," concurred his sweetheart, "blow, wind, blow!"

(Billy spreckles, the Man swallow, and Mignon, his mate, flying past a window, saw a beautiful, beautiful red string.

"There!" delightedly screamed Mignon. "There is just the thing to trim our nest with! Get it, Billy, please."

"Ask me!" grandly retorted her de-

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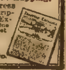

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voted slave and in two twos he had flown to the ledge, grasped the ribbon and flown away with it—red string, paper and all.)

"Dog-gone!" shouted Richard Junior, starting back.

"I'm a s-s-son-of-a-wizard!" stuttered Richard Senior, staring at the vacant window sill.

"My stars and—stockings," cried Miss Harrison, the invaluable secretary, and she rocked back and forth in almost hysterical laughter.

She rose from her seat.

"Well, it's gone," she said.

"We might as well, too," grinned the boy. "Gee! just like that!" and he snapped his fingers.

Richard Senior was running his fingers over his eyes as if to clear away a veil.

"Wait," he put out an intercepting hand. "I'll take those three hours, please," he begged.

"Too late, now," obdurately returned the lady. "I offered to compromise once. The shoe's on the other foot, now."

"Mr. and Mrs. Richard Morgan, Junior, will see you tonight at dinner, Guv'n'r," grinned the boy. "Adois! Over the river! Bon swipes!" He picked up his cap.

The girl was slipping on her coat.

"It was a blessing from the gods," she winked at her lover.

"No," he differed," just one of those good fairies in the form of a bird come to rescue us from the dungeon." He added, "Come, Love."

Love was putting on her hat and talking at the same time.

"Oh," she declared, "the dear thing. It was wonderful—a bird to do that! I wonder why. I always was crazy over birds; now I'll love 'em more than ever."

Richard Senior had been watching her, apathetic, distrait, unmindful of her talk. Now he suddenly broke in, a strange question:

"Is that your hat?"

"Why, of course," answered the girl, puzzled.

To their surprise Richard Senior began to speak—a rapid rush of words, eager and half-pleading.

"You were going down the street the other afternoon," he said, "and you saw a boy stone a bird. It fell, and you ran to it and carried it off. And you were crying. I remember. For the person had on a blue hat with a black feather in it. That was all I could see from up here."

"Yes," smiled the erstwhile secretary, and confessed. "I took the bird, a swallow, home. It's leg was broken, so I set it and mended it; kept the poor thing in a basket until it was well. I was so glad to see it fly again." She finished up. "I've got books and books on all kinds of birds, Mr. Morgan. Why, I just love them."

"So do I," Richard Senior was enthused—seemed to forget his son's presence. "Listen, Miss Harrison, any time that you can spare a few hours let me know and I'll take you out to my country place. I've nearly every specie of birds there. There's my hobby! I've got great swans, imported from India; parrots and Birds of Paradise from Africa; flamingoes from the Thousand Islands——"

"Flamingoes," breathed his listener in ecstatic wonder and awe. "Flamingoes. Oh, I'd just love to."

"Golly!" said Richard Junior softly to himself, and slipped from the room.

IF YOU will come out of the office marked "Richard Morgan & Son," and descend in the elevator to the street, and take a taxi, or maybe a street car, and ride out due west about seventeen blocks, you will come to a big, spreading, many-limbed and beautiful oak tree which stands at the side of a pretty bungalow. And if you could see up to the, say, fourth limb of this tree you'd discover in a sequestered niche a nest, with about four eggs in it—a nest trimmed with tangled red string and tiny bits of soiled, white paper. Also, near by, you would probably observe two little swallows, one of which you scared off the nest. And both of them are eagerly watching, waiting . . .

Next, if you turned your eyes toward the bungalow, looking in thru the window, you would see, maybe, a pretty girl (when she's not busy at "the office") sewing on some very, very small and beautiful little garments. And in the closet near her hangs a blue hat; in it a single glossy, black feather.

# The Walrus

and a half to the McClure home, trying to straighten out in his quivering mind just how he would approach this justly celebrated ogre.

Halsey sent a faint-hearted message of control to his wobbly knees, thrust out his quivering jaw into some semblance of confidence, and walked down the winding road. His heart hoped one of a dozen things—that James K. McClure would not be at home; that he would refuse to see him; that he had suddenly been taken sick; that no one would answer the bell. With knees like castanets and teeth that rattled like the snares of a drum, he ascended the steps and touched the bell.

Somewhere off in the dim silence of the house the bell sounded a hollow r-r-ring. Halsey flinched. The entire household must know of his cheeky presumption. In the ominous silence a dim hope flashed over him. Nobody would take notice of his ring. He turned to leave, to sneak away quietly. He would wire Curtis something, anything; fake an answer, anything to get out of this suspense.

Too late. Steps creaked from the dim interior, the door opened, and a six-foot butler, majestic of mien and menacing of voice, glared at him. Halsey's voice stuck in his throat. He essayed to utter a feeble inquiry, but his traitorous larynx failed. He thrust out a square of cardboard to the dignity who barred the way.

MR. HORACE HALSEY,

Representing

New York Planet.

The majestic one failed to be impressed. He scrutinized the bit of pasteboard with contemptuous eyes. His gaze was cold and disapproving. He left Horace standing on the threshold without the slightest intimation that he might enter. Then he disappeared into the silent gloom of the interior.

Standing first on one foot, then on the other, Halsey waited for the inevitable message. He expected to hear a sonorous outburst from within, probably mixed with old James K.'s pet brand of sulphurous profanity. Somewhere he heard a door open and shut. Once he heard somebody laughing, a girl's laugh, clear and bell-like. A red-headed woodpecker tapped a tree near the driveway with its thud-thud, thud-thud.

The austere personage returned after an interminable wait and surveyed Halsey from the soles of his worn shoes to the drooping edge of his discolored straw hat with disapproval.

"Mr. McClure will see you, sir. Will you be pleased to henter?"

(Continued From Page 13)

Horace Halsey's overworked heart gave another jump. The stately butler indicated a seat in the hallway, and Halsey sat timidly. Another aeon passed. The suddenly acquired courage went oozing out his fingers' ends.

IT HAD dawned upon him with startling clarity that he did not know personally much of anything about the subject on which he had been sent to interview a man of national distinction. He did not know what view old James K. and his papers had been taking. And while he waited he trembled in unholy terror at this new obstacle.

From nowhere suddenly appeared a short, stout, ruddy little man in a shapeless gray suit, a man who looked at him with a smile of amused tolerance. A thin fringe of gray encircled his shiny head. His eyes were what fixed Horace Halsey's attention. He could not have told for the life of him what color they were. It sufficed that they bored like gimlets. In his hand he held Halsey's card, and he looked from it to the form of the little editor, his entire attitude a question-mark.

It occurred to Halsey that he ought to rise, and he got jerkily to his feet. One hand fumbled in his pockets and brought forth the crumpled telegram. As a drowning man clings to a fragment of wreckage, so Halsey clung to the yellow bit of paper. The great man took it from his extended hand and carefully read it over. It occurred to Halsey that he had not meant to hand it over to him, but it was too late now.

James K. McClure read the telegram thru twice. His sandy brows contracted.

"H'm!" he muttered portentiously.

After delivering himself of this cryptic utterance, his searching glance took in Halsey's person once more. The frowning brow unbent.

"Come in here, Mr. Halsey," he said, not unkindly. "We can talk better."

In a foggy haze Halsey found himself seated in a great leather chair in a room whose massive furniture and tiers of books were meant for utility. He awkwardly accepted a cigar, while the great man bit off the end of another, and sat expectant.

It occurred to Halsey that he was expected to ask questions. He didn't know where to begin. The room was whirling round him, with his host as the center, his ruddy face like a great, blood-red sun.

"When did Curtis send you down here, my boy?" asked McClure, as for a third time he scrutinized the telegram. "Come down from New York today? Have a hot trip? Or maybe you came by boat?"

"Why—er—I'm the local man here," Halsey stammered.

A change came over McClure's face. "Oh, local correspondent, eh?" he

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queried. "And Curtis sent you up to find out what I think on that d—n naval controversy, eh? That right?"

"Quite so—er—yes, sir," stammered Halsey.

"What do you think about it yourself?" came the unexpected query. Halsey hesitated. "Why—er—I hadn't formed my decision yet. I——"

"Going to find out the opinions of both parties before making up your mind, eh?" came the comment. "That's a good safe attitude, all right—but it isn't like your paper. But—now, really, don't you think the admiral talked too much?"

"Why—er, we want to get your views on that point," flashed back Halsey, clutching at anything for safety. "My personal views don't count for very much."

McClure's guffaw was like a siren. "All right, young man. I won't forget that. But, say, I'm interested to know how you came up here. You're not on the regular staff of the Planet, are you?"

"I correspond for them in the summer."

"What do you do the rest of the time? What any of those papers pays a local correspondent wouldn't keep him in sandwiches and coffee."

"I—I have my own paper, the Herald. It's a fairly flourishing little weekly."

"The Herald!" McClure stared at him in keen appraisement. "I've often wanted to see just what the editor of that little sheet looked like. Well, son, how do you like editing a country weekly? Just manage to keep two jumps ahead of the sheriff, eh?"

For all his inoffensiveness, Halsey possessed a fighting spirit under a meek exterior. Otherwise he would have let the Herald sunk to disaster long ago. He glared at McClure, who sat twinkling with contentment at his successful baiting the would-be interviewer.

Hot anger crimsoned Halsey's forehead. "The Standard and the Times-Gazette may me larger and make a lot more money," he protested. "I haven't got the money to hire A. P. service and a staff of reporters and a group of feature writers and cartoonists. People in our town, tho, think just as much of the Herald, as far as it goes, as the people of your city think of your Times-Gazette. We've more than doubled our circulation in the last two years. In its small way the Herald is doing just as much in molding public opinion in its own circle as your big dailies."

"Meaning that it's better to be a big toad in the well-known small puddle?" cynically commented James K. "Only your puddle strikes me as being an almighty small one. Keep it up, son. I didn't suppose you had the spunk. It's been a long time since any one has talked back to me like that. I rather like it for a change, altho I suppose if you were on my staff, I'd fire you for impudence the first week."

"Oh, I didn't mean to be insolent," apologized Halsey. "But I believe in my paper. I wouldn't be a newspaper man if I didn't."

"That's right," approved McClure. "That's what all of us need. I'd like to see a copy of your sheet. Send me one some time."

"Got one right here," said Halsey, and fumbled in his pocket. He dug out a rather crumpled copy of the last issue.

McClure's expression faded from keen interest to amused tolerance as he looked over the none too prepossessing sheet. "Just as I told you," he commented. "You have to chase around on special orders from the big papers for what they'll bring, to get a few dollars on the side—interviewing old crabs like me, for instance, and dreading all day long having to do it. Hated to come up here, I'll bet. Put it off as long as you could, didn't you, till the home office wired you why in h—l you didn't get that interview with McClure?"

Halsey blushed furiously, so accurately had this keen-faced old man read his own thoughts.

"Not much of a compliment, tho, that Curtis pays me, sending up a second-rate local correspondent to get my opinion on a big National question. Instead of sending down a staff man from the office, he expects me to give a two-column interview to the editor of a small-town weekly. I'd be more likely to make that statement thru my own papers. They'd reach a wider field."

Halsey, swimming at random in this scathing sea, lost his control entirely. "We've got as much right to our opinions as the big fellows," he protested hotly. "That editorial on 'Honest Politics' that you're pointing at won't reach as many people as your high-paid editorial writers, but it will affect those it does reach."

"Small-town stuff," chuckled McClure.

"It may be small-town stuff," snapped back Horace Halsey. "The world is made up of small-town stuff. The big things are so far off that we just vaguely realize they are there, but the small-town things are close at hand and concern us intimately—just as the joys and sorrows of your own family concern you more than the great troubles of the State or Nation."

McClure let his cigar go out and stared curiously at his visitor. "Son," he drawled, not unkindly, "maybe you've got the whole philosophy of it right there. You've told me some truths that are wholesome ones, even if they may not be altogether pleasant. But let's come back to the point where we started. Just what did you come here for?"

"Why—er—to get an interview from you about the Navy Department controversy," faltered Halsey.

"Exactly. Now what have I said about it?"

"Why—er—nothing whatever."

"Precisely. That's just what I intended to do. And now what are you going to tell Curtis when you get back to the telegraph office?"

"It occurs to me," confessed Halsey, "that I don't believe I'm going to be able to tell him anything."

"Exactly. I've talked on every subject under the sun, but I won't say a d—n word on this one, and Curtis knows it. He knew that there might be one chance in ten thousand of my dropping something, and he took that chance.

"Now I haven't. I didn't intend to. I've had too many years in the newspaper game, both interviewing and being interviewed, to talk unless I'm ready to. I've enjoyed the call, and I don't intend to let you get away with anything valuable. You'd never have gotten in, if I'd thought there'd been any danger of that.

"As an interviewer, young man, you aren't worth a d—n. You didn't even know the first thing about the subject you came to get my views on. As a newspaper editor you aren't much better. Your little sheet is just another of the feeble specimens that are struggling and striving all over the country."

"You go to h—l!" blurted Halsey in white-hot rage. "You can talk or not on the Navy Department, just as you please. I've done my duty. I came to you in the course of business to fill an assignment that I hated like poison to tackle. My time may not be as valuable as yours, my paper isn't as big as yours, but they both mean as much to me as yours do, even if I haven't the cash or the ability to hire big men behind me that you have."

JAMES K. M'CLURE leaned back in his chair and guffawed. "Go it, son!" he chuckled. "I like your spunk. It does me good. I haven't had anybody tell me to go to h—l for years. They're too much afraid of me. It's refreshing to find some one with a backbone once in a while. Besides, I had it coming to me. That's one thing I like in your paper; it's independent, even if it is crude and smart-Alecky.

"There is something else in your paper that I like, too, those witty jingles in the corner of the editorial page. Where d'ye get 'em, if you aren't too mad at an old walrus to tell me? The syndicate stuff I'm getting in that line is miserably weak—yours surely has the paprika punch."

"Wrote 'em myself," snapped Halsey, not quite over his anger.

"Wrote 'em yourself?" McClure looked at the little editor. "Got any more of 'em?"

Halsey pulled out a dozen clippings. "Wanted something like that, and the syndicate service cost too much," he explained. "Been writing them now for two years," he added.

A new and sudden light of respect shone in McClure's eyes, as he stared thoughtfully at Halsey. "Great jumping catfish!" he murmured softly, while his gaze never left the other's embarrassed face. "Is it possible that in a little country paper I've found just what I've been looking for?"

"Look here!" His waving cigar was very near Halsey's face. "I'm going to make you a proposition, young man. These things are just what I want. Now it may be a gamble, you may be just a flash in the pan, but I'm willing to take the chance. I'll give you a hundred a week, to give up your paper here, come to New York and write one of these things a day for my papers. What do you say?" He bent forward.

"I say I won't do it!" snapped Halsey, his anger unabated. "I wouldn't work for you under any conditions. I'd rather be my own boss, and I can be here, and not be owned, body and soul, by a taskmaster like yourself!"

"Why don't you say it?" chuckled James K. McClure. "Grouchy, domineering, crabbed old walrus! I've been called all of those names before and a lot worse than that! Better think it over twice, son. The old man's a terror, but he has the reputation of looking out for his men, and you might find worse than I am. I've had men with me for fifteen, twenty, twenty-five years, and they seem quite ready to stay a while longer with the old crab, in spite of his shell. Make it two hundred, and that's going some for a short feature. What say?"

Horace Halsey was sorely tempted, but he stuck by his guns. "I've got a good proposition in my own little paper," he persisted. "It'll take time to put it on its feet, but I believe I can do it. I don't want to give it up."

James K. McClure looked at him in undisguised astonishment. "Well, I'll be d—d!" he roared. "Give up a chance like what I'm offering you to remain in the office of a dinky little country paper and bluepencil country correspondence and dun deadbeat subscribers, and drum up advertising to pay the bills! Son, you're beyond me! I reckon you prove you believe in your job!"

Halsey rose. "Sorry," he remarked laconically. James K. McClure also rose and gripped his hand. "There's more in you than I thought," he observed. "I don't know whether you're a pretty fine specimen of an idealist or a plain d—n fool. When the time comes, when you're ready to throw up this country paper, there'll be a place with me for you, if I'm above the sod then. Maybe you're right, after all, and have a greater vision than a crusty old shellfish like me. Anyway, I wish you well, and——

"I'll make you another proposition. Stay with your paper. Make a go out of it, and glory go with you. But send me those jingles, one every day, and I'll give you a hundred and fifty a week as long as you keep it up. That will give you a chance to do something besides this treadmill of correspondence and interviews with old grouches like myself. What d'ye say, boy? Are you with me?"

Gasping for breath, Horace Halsey at last agreed that he was.

"It's no charity offer," McClure warned him. "I can drive as hard a bargain as the next man. I expect to be amply repaid for them. I'll syndicate them, and in a year or two your reputation will be made, and you'll wonder why you were so long holding off. Now, to go back to the start of this all, what do you calculate to wire Curtis?"

* * * * * * *

An hour later, Langdon J. Curtis, managing editor of the Planet, sat in his office puffing a villainous old briar and

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Fine Serge Pants BARGAIN

$7.00 VALUE Now $3.98

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Here is one of the biggest values offered to readers of this paper. Will send this splendid pair of serge pants and with it this fine sweater FREE—without asking for one cent with the order. **PANTS** are made of extra quality blue serge, well tailored in every way. Extra heavy pocketing, all seams serged, no raw edges, bar tacking, strong belt straps. Waist 30 to 44, inside seam length 30 to 36 inches. Be sure to give inseam length. **SWEATER** we give free is made in the popular Shaker Knit, of commercial wool yarn, V-neck style. COLOR—Khaki. SIZES—36 to 46.

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2 Tires for $11.25

FREE Tube with Each Tire

Most sensational tire offer of the year! **Two tires for less than the usual cost of one—and a free tube with each tire!** This is a special lot—all standard makes—selected for record-breaking sale. *No double treads or sewed tires.* Our big volume means best tire values! Thousands of steady customers everywhere are getting full mileage out of these slightly used tires and you, too, can get **8000 Miles**

| Size | 1 Tire | 2 Tires | Size | 1 Tire | 2 Tires |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30 x 3 | $ 7.00 | $11.25 | 32 x 4½ | $13.50 | $22.90 |
| 30 x 3½ | 7.95 | 13.65 | 33 x 4½ | 13.95 | 23.48 |
| 32 x 3½ | 9.00 | 15.45 | 34 x 4½ | 14.45 | 23.90 |
| 31 x 4 | 10.00 | 16.90 | 35 x 4½ | 14.95 | 24.45 |
| 32 x 4 | 11.50 | 19.75 | 36 x 4½ | 15.45 | 25.45 |
| 33 x 4 | 12.25 | 20.90 | 35 x 5 | 15.90 | 26.15 |
| 34 x 4 | 13.25 | 22.45 | 37 x 5 | 16.45 | 26.55 |

SEND NO MONEY! Shipment C. O. D. Express or Parcel Post. Examine tires on arrival and if not fully satisfied return same at our expense and your money will be promptly refunded, including shipping charges. State whether Straight Side or Clincher. DON'T DELAY! ORDER NOW!

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Guaranteed 5 years SENT FOR 25c

ORDER NOW

Send only 25c to cover postage, insurance and packing, and this Latest Thin Model Gents' or Boys' 16 size is mailed immediately. Open face, engraved or plain **Nickel Silvered** case, stem wind and set, adjusted and regulated. Keeps accurate time, guaranteed 5 years. When you receive the watch, wear it 10 days. If satisfied and decide to keep it, costs you only $2.98, —if not satisfied, return at our expense. Order now, this may not appear again.

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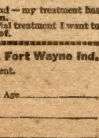
FREE

Lucky Ruby, ancient Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells. Sure symbol of luck in love, games, business. Must never be sold, only **given away.** Pay only cost of setting. Heavy, weird, beautiful Cobra Ring, 14-Karat gold shell. Secret "formula for luck" free. Send measure (paper strip around finger) to Ali B. Baba, Box 55, Sta. I, New York. Pay $2.27 on arrival. Money back if wanted. A startling gift for friends, sweethearts.



ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

Free Proof To You

All I want is your name and address so I can send you a free trial treatment. I want you just to **try this treatment—that's all—just try it.** That's my only argument.

J. C. HUTZELL R. P. DRUGGIST

I've been in the Retail Drug Business for 20 years. I served four years as a member of the Indiana State Board of Pharmacy and five years as President of the Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everyone in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about my successful treatment. Over **twenty thousand** Men Women and Children outside of Fort Wayne, have, according to their own statements, been cured by this treatment since I first made this offer public.

If you have **Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, Tetter**—never mind how bad—my treatment has cured the worst cases I ever saw—**give me a chance to prove my claim.**

Send me your name and address on the coupon below and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE. The wonders accomplished in your own case will be **proof.**

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

J. C. HUTZELL, Druggist, No. 4146 West Main St., Fort Wayne Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name____________ Age______

Post Office____________ State______

Street and No.____________

pondered deeply over two telegrams. One was from Horace Halsey, Rocky Point, and read:

> James K. McClure says he'll talk on anything else in the world, but not a word for publication on the Navy controversy.

Curtis drew a telegraph blank nearer, and penciled the following message to Horace Halsey, Rocky Point Herald, Rocky Point, Maine:

> He used another word, didn't he, an adjective? You've been long enough getting that message.

Curtis lit his pipe afresh, and reread the other telegram. It was likewise dated from Rocky Point, addressed to himself.

> Try to draw me into that Navy scrap, will you, you old fox? Think I've put something over on you at that. JAMES K. M'CLURE.

Curtis flung the telegram into a filing basket impatiently. "Now what the devil," he muttered, "did he mean by that?"

* * *

### The Low Birth Rate.

LITTLE Jane had long desired a baby sister, and one day she came rushing home in high excitement.

"Oh, mother; come downtown quickly!!" she exclaimed. "There are splendid bargains in babies and you can get one while they are cheap."

"What in the world are you talking about, my dear?" the mother asked in astonishment. "Somebody must have been playing a joke on you."

"Truly, truly!" the little girl declared, jumping up and down in her eagerness. "Great big sign about it, on the top of the skating rink. It says, 'This week only, children half price.'"

* * *

### Religious Blackmail.

THE pastor was interrogating the pride of the family.

"And do you always say your prayers before you go to bed?"

"Yes, sir," replied Johnnie.

"And what are the things you pray for?" pursued the good man.

"Well," responded Johnnie, thoughtfully, "mostly that pa won't find out what I've been doin' during the day!"

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If you seek that perfect health, strength and vigor which makes men all-powerful and magnetic, or, if you want to get rid of Rheumatism, Nerve Weakness, Lame Back, Lumbago, Poor Circulation, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Kidney, Liver, Bladder Weakness, or other distressing Chronic Complaints, then send right away for our Free Book telling all about the famous Sanden Electric Belt and how it is sold on 60 days' trial, with no cost to you unless you are absolutely satisfied. This is your opportunity to become well, strong and capable without the use of drugs, and with no risk of losing your money. The Sanden Herculex Belt is the best in the world and has thousands of satisfied users. Our Trial Offer is absolutely genuine—no catch in it whatever—so send for Free Book and list of references to-day. Address THE HERCULEX CO., 1416 Broadway, New York, Dept. 8

Free To Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
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Please send free trial of your method to:

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# FOR THE LEDGER GIRLS AND BOYS

## A Wonderful Cure

By Adeline MacGilvary

BEING own cousin to the prettiest and most popular girl in school was very nice in a way. Alfred was proud of being Ethel's cousin, but when it came to a skinny, freckle-faced chap like Stringy Atterby hanging around and walking to and from school with her—why, that was another thing!

Alfred just naturally couldn't stand Stringy, and, Stringy always treated Alfred nicely, but Alfred knew what he thought. The fact was, Stringy was the star pupil of the class and Alfred only just escaped being the "dumbell," altho when it came to a game of ball or a race Alf wasn't the booby.

It got so bad that Alfred felt that he must do something to prove to Ethel that even if he wasn't very good at books there were some things he could do better than most—especially Stringy. And he didn't have to wait long for his chance.

Ethel and Julie and Daisy, her two chums, were going home together after school when Alfred came along.

"Never mind," he heard Daisy say. "Nobody will notice your hands."

"Oh, yes they will!' replied Ethel. "People always look at the worst part whether they mean to or not. But, anyhow, I'm not stuck-up enough to care, only I do hate warts. The very look of them gives me the shivers."

"Me, too," agreed Julie. "They say you get them from touching hoptoads."

"I didn't," Ethel said. "I don't ever remember touching a hoptoad."

Warts! They were Ethel's sorrow and defect. Like the knights of old Alfred saw his chance to win gratitude from the fair one. She was going to play the violin at the church benefit, and that was why she was worrying about the looks of her hands.

"What can I do?" Alfred thought, as he trudged along. Then a brilliant idea shot thru his brain. "Gloves!" He would make a pair of gloves which would hide the warts and look exactly like her own skin. The finger nails he would paint on the gloves, and from a distance they would look perfectly real.

He hurried his footsteps homeward, full of his bright idea. His mother was in the kitchen baking a cake when he came in.

"Have you an old pair of long, white gloves?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I have," replied his mother, "but you can't have them, Alfred Royce."

Alfred then asked if she had any old gloves he might have, and at last she let him take an old pair of kid gloves. They only reached to the wrist and were black. But Alfred was not discouraged. The wrong side was white once, and the church benefit was still two weeks off.

Oh, how hard he worked over his task! He worked during all his spare time for three days, and when at last he gave the gloves to his cousin after explaining their purpose, he had a dreadful shock. Ethel was too kind to turn them down flat, but frank dismay was written all over her face. To begin with, the gloves were too large. Then Alfred had tinted them a little too pink, and the fingernails which he had worked over so hard looked very large and white.

"It was awful sweet of you," Ethel said, gently, "but I—I don't think they'd do."

"Why not?" demanded Alfred.

"I couldn't play with gloves on," Ethel replied, and she just couldn't keep the twinkle out of her eyes.

It was time to start for school and the two were standing in Ethel's front yard. Alfred felt, and looked, very gloomy and a little cross. Just then a familiar form appeared at the gate. Shucks! It was Stringy.

"Hello," he called, cheerfully. "Better come along. You'll be late."

"Look, what Alf made for me," Ethel said, handing him the gloves. "Guess I'm vain to hate warts so, and it's too bad I can't play the violin with gloves on."

"Gee whiz!" cried Stringy, "they sure are clever! Who made 'em?"

Alfred suddenly felt quite fond of Stringy. He could see he wasn't jollying. He really appreciated the fine work put on the gloves.

"But what's the use covering up your warts?" Stringy went on. "What you need is a cure, and I know a sure cure, because I had warts myself once and got rid of them, too. Come along and I'll tell you about it as we walk."

"I knew an old man once when I was living with Grandma on the farm," he said, as they walked down the shady road. "And he told me about the cure and I tried it and it certainly did work."

"I hope it doesn't hurt," remarked Ethel.

"No, it's painless," Stringy replied. "You take good fresh corn and go into a chicken-house on the first night of the new moon. Then you take the corn in your hands, so, and rub it all over your hands, 'round and 'round, then gradually you let the kernels drop on the ground. In the morning every grain which has touched a wart and a chicken eats it, means a wart gone. See? Now, look here." Stringy held up his thumb, and there was a wart on it. "I got rid of every one except this, and I guess one kernel must have rolled away where nobody could get it, but I've been meaning to have another try and get rid of it. Maybe you'd like to come along and get rid of yours."

"Of course, I would!" cried Ethel.

Stringy knew of a chicken-house owned by some Polish people, and he was sure they would get permission to use it.

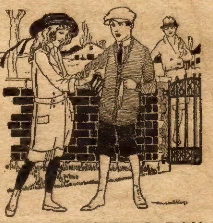
"I don't know if Mother will let me or not," said Ethel, doubtfully.

"Sure she will," said Alfred. "I'll go along and take care of you."

"Could I bring Daisy, too?"

Stringy agreed, and just as they were going into the schoolhouse, he said: "Oh, I forgot, there's something else you have to do. I'll tell you at recess."

Of course, Ethel was very curious to know what it was she must do, especially as when recess came Stringy dashed off and never came back till it was time to go in. But he had not forgotten, because after school he and Daisy were waiting in the yard for Ethel. He handed her a small bottle.



Ethel Just Couldn't Keep the Twinkle Out of Her Eyes.

"Put some of this stuff on your warts first," he said. "Better do it now. The old man said it makes the hens relish the corn."

So Daisy helped her friend put the stuff on her warts, then they all went home, and the first thing Miss Ethel did was to run to her mother and ask if she could go with her friends to the hen-house that night; for, as luck would have it, the new moon was due.

"I should say not!" her Mother exclaimed. "Haven't you any sense?"

"But, Mother, even if it does sound silly and superstitious,' said Ethel, "It cured Stringy. He wouldn't tell a story. He's very good and clever. Miss Claire could tell you that."

"He may think it cured him, but I don't," said her mother.

Of course, Ethel was very sorry not to be able to go and try the cure, as, altho she knew Mother must be right, still it would have been fun. Alfred came over and begged, but Mother wouldn't agree. So, Ethel, being as sweet as she was pretty, decided to say no more about it.

"After all," she said to Daisy, "warts aren't as bad as boils."

Alfred and Stringy were sorry, but that didn't hinder their going to the hen-house.

"Bring your books over to my house and we'll get our lessons first," said Stringy.

Alfred agreed, and next day Miss Claire wondered what had got into her worst pupil, for he sure had his lessons down pat. Stringy's thumb was tied up next day and Ethel came in almost late. Stringy and Alf wondered why she and Daisy were grinning so, but at recess it was all explained

"Oh, Stringy," Ethel cried. "I can never repay you. My warts all came off. Look!"

"Gee!" exclaimed Alfred. "It must have been the stuff you put on."

"It was!" laughed Ethel. "The old man was just having a little fun when he told you about the chicken-house, I guess."

"What's the matter with your thumb?" Daisy asked.

"I rubbed it too hard with the corn and it's a little sore, but the wart's gone!" Stringy replied.

"Some easy-mark!" jibed Daisy. "I wouldn't be so superstitious."

"It's a wonderful cure, all the same," said Ethel.

And so Miss Claire thought, for ever after that the boys took to studying together and chumming, and her "dumbbell" became almost a star pupil.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

—Adv.

* * *

### A Polite Frenchman.

IN 1793, when Napoleon was beseiging Toulon, which was then in possession of the English and from which he drove them, he was one day directing the construction of a battery, and the enemy perceiving it, commenced a warm fire upon it. Bonaparte wanting to send off a dispatch, asked for a sergeant who could write. A sergeant immediately came out of the ranks and wrote a letter under his dictation. It was scarcely finished when a cannon ball fell between Nopoleon and the man and covered them with dust; the sergeant, looking toward the English lines, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you; I did not think you were so polite. I wanted a little sand to dry the ink on my letter."

The expression and the calmness of the sergeant struck Napoleon; he did not forget it; the sergeant was soon promoted, and finally became a general—it was the brave Junot, whose name is so often found in the annals of French glory, and who by his courage and perseverance became Duke of Abrantes, a name rendered doubly illustrious by the literary productions of his widow, the Duchess of Abrantes.

* * *

### Buddies.

A ragged little fellow,
  With shabby little tyke;
If he has any name at all,
  It must be "Bill" or "Mike."

His face and hands are dirty
  And his dog is dirty, too;
With sticks and stones their only toys
  They find a lot to do.

A pair of loyal comrades
  Who frolic in a ditch,
And yet they seem to have more fun
  Than children of the rich.

* * *

### Urban Curiosity.

HARKINS, who had taken his children to a country place during the holidays, was proceeding across the fields with Louis, the youngest, when the latter saw a cow for the first time. "What is that?" asked the child.

"That's a cow, my son."

"And what are those things on her head."

"Horns." And the two then moved on. Presently the cow mooed, whereat Louis was surprised.

"Which horn did she blow, father?" he asked.

* * *

### A Mystery Solved.

"I AM sorry I can't give you a bun," said the small boy's mother. "I have lost the key to the pantry, and the buns are on the shelf."

"That doesn't matter, mother," replied Horace. "If I go round to the back and climb on the top of the water butt and reach right in the pantry window with the toasting fork I can get them."

"That's just what I wanted to know," said his mother. "You can get right up to your room till dad comes home."

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN, mechanics, repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

WATCHES—JEWELRY

21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

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## SALESMEN WANTED

**AN EXTRA GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR** live oil stock salesmen. References required. D. G. Price, Deweyville, Tex.

## AGENTS WANTED

**TAILORING AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY** county. We can use merchants, salesmen, foremen barbers and cleaners who can sell ten or more suits a season. We ship free our large and attractive sample outfit in book or traveling case showing 250 all wool samples, $15.00 and up, for a guaranteed suit. Write today and secure this big spring and summer line. Jay Rose & Co., 411 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. L.

**AGENTS: WE PAY $72 A WEEK TAKING** orders for reversible raincoats. Something brand new. Easiest seller ever introduced. No capital required. You take the orders, we deliver and collect and pay your commission on same day. Saves customer over $20. Write quick. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1711, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS SELL THE PLYMOUTH SHOPPING** bag. Leatherette sateen lined, made to sell for $1. Large profit to you. A 15 year old boy sold 25 in a few days. Lady, 7 in one hour. A 70 year old man, 76 doz. in a few weeks. Write for full particulars. Sample by post. 75c. E. Kondon, 12 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

**GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW.** Whirlwind seller. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

**WE PAY $50 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS** for Insyde Tyres, inner armor for automobile tires. Guaranteed to give double tire mileage. Any tire. Prevents punctures and blowouts. Big demand. Low priced. Write quick for territory. American Accessories Co., B 313, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL**low tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog, free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk T-1, Chicago.

**AGENTS—STEADY INCOME—LARGE MAN**ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND** tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Continental Rubber Co., Desk 46, Philadelphia, Penn.

**AGENTS TO EARN BIG PROFITS WITH** our quick-selling non-alcoholic extracts, toilet articles and household necessities. Open territory. No money required. We trust you. Hurry! Write today. Dept. 134, The Linro Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS: NEW REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT.** Not sold in stores. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Saves $20. Guaranteed waterproof. Big commission. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 309 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

**$10.00 A DAY EASILY EARNED. SEVEN** bar boxes assorted soaps. Christmas perfumes, Combination Christmas boxes; selling like hot cakes. Men, women, 100% profit. Old established firm. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. 166, Chicago.

**BIG MONEY—BROKEN ARMS, CRANKING** accidents prevented by non-kick device for Fords. Burnett sold 144 in two weeks; made $216. Write for particulars—exclusive territory. Non-Kick Co., 701-E Central, Kansas City, Mo.

**AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S** Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

**SALES AGENTS. STEADY BIG PAYING** business representing newest guaranteed hosiery. Full or part time. Experience unnecessary. No layoffs. Write quick for samples and control of county. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 415, Dayton, Ohio.

**BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY** owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

**SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY** county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**AGENTS — 200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL** little article; something new; sells like wildfire; carry in pocket; write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Gen. Mgr., 5037 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**BIGGEST, FASTEST SELLERS. EVERY** woman buys Hawkins' high grade toilet and household necessities on sight. 100% profit. Colonial Chemical Co., 631R Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS** agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS SELL OUR BIG $1 BOX MOUN**tain Herb Tablets for only 49c. 300% [illegible] Finest medicine. Best seller. Every[illegible]uys. Write for terms. Mt. Herb Co., [illegible]hie, N. C.

**LIVE AGENTS — LEGITIMATE PROPOSI**tion; polishing cloth; polishes all metals; fast seller; repeat orders; 100% profit; free sample. Lowell Distributing Co., South Weymouth, Mass.

**BIG LINE—BIG PROFITS—COLD CREAMS,** face powders, perfumes, remedies, spices, extracts, pie fillers, baking powder. Catalog free. Western Laboratories, 1953 Van Buren, Chicago.

**AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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**AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD,** necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

**GREATEST INVENTION OUT — AUTO** Spray wash brush; every car owner buys; big commissions; act quick for territory. Clemens Mfg. Co., Commerce Bldg., Erie, Pa.

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